LANCASHIRE

In Prose and Verse

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The County Anthologies

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LANCASHIRE

" In the County Anthologies an attempt will be made to survey and illustrate the debt of English literature to the scenery and special genius of individual counties in the British Isles. . . . The material for the anthologies will be drawn from all the sources available, but special recognition will be given to the growing importance of regional schools of literature and to the present tendency in education to favour a local orientation of literary and historical studies in their early stages. . . . To the natives of a county the verse and prose that record the poets' vision of it should be as precious as the canvases on which the painters have immortalised its scenic beauties. . . . For the young a literature that invests with imaginative beauty familiar scenes and objects may prove to have a more compelling appeal than the wider literature that treats of things remote from their experience and sympathies."

R. P. COWL.

THE COUNTY ANTHOLOGIES

General Editor: R. PAPE COWL, M.A.

LANCASHIRE

In Prose and Verse

An Anthology

BY

R. H. CASE

1930

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THE COUNTY ANTHOLOGIES.

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★

"Local patriotism is a fire that may smoulder, but is never extinguished."

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INTRODUCTION

LANCASHIRE claims high rank among the shires of England. Its scenery, both natural and man-made, is remarkably various; from the flat lands, low shores and sluggish streams of the South-west to the hills and moorlands of the East, and the lofty fells, the lakes and rapid rivers of the North; from its seaports on great estuary or other anchorage, its vast cities and numerous manufacturing towns, to the towns which seem to exist to provide relaxation for the rest, and the humble market towns and villages still depending upon agriculture; from the strongholds of power and religion or domestic life which have survived in whole or part from the past, to the wealth of structures raised by modern enterprise, art, and liberality.

The shire has been the stage of great events in history, the strife of battle and the strife of a mighty industrial development. In it were laid the first lines of that great network of railways which frets the map of England and has its counterparts beyond seas. It has given its name to a line of English sovereigns, and within its limits the King is still toasted as Duke of Lancaster. It is rich in tradition and a literature framed in its own dialect, the spirit of which, but by no means the extent, finds its place in the following selections. It has its literary centres and its "Lancashire Authors' Association," and, in the past, the circles which formed round Aikin at Warrington and Roscoe at Liverpool were distinguished. The famous college of the Society of Jesus at Stonyhurst dates from the close of the eighteenth century, and the shire has since taken the lead, in the

provinces, in establishing great modern Universities. It has given birth to famous poets, Arthur Hugh Clough and Francis Thompson, who, however, like their predecessor, Mrs. Hemans, have not identified themselves with their native county in any poem; and the list would be a long one of writers, also unrepresented here, who have treated of the county or its separate parishes and towns as historians, or as lovers of its scenery and traditions, or, like Nathaniel Hawthorne as observers from another shore, or, like the late Stanley Houghton in drama, as portrayers of its natives. Discovery and invention have owed much to its sons, to name only Jeremiah Horrocks and Richard Arkwright.

An attractive reflection to a Lancashire man is the fact that modern scholarship has attributed to his county as well as to those bordering on Wales, a share in the great revival of the national spirit and the unrhymed alliterative verse of the Old English that took place in the fourteenth century. The North-west was a home of Arthurian tradition. Camden alludes to Arthur's battle by the river Douglas, and the old ballad of "Sir Lancelot du Lake," given by Percy in his *Reliques*, describing Sir Lancelot's combat with the giant Tarquin, is traditionally associated with the neighbourhood of Manchester. Among poems in the alliterative verse whose dialect assigns them to the North-west region, one of those which draws on Arthurian romance stands out as well for its great merit as for its probably direct association with Lancashire as the principal scene of its adventures. On these grounds, *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight* claims notice in this introduction, if not in the selections; for the hero, journeying from Camelot in Somersetshire through Wales, in fulfilment of a pledge to seek out a green knight and a green chapel, fares over the fords by the forelands 'Over at the Holy Hede' till he gains the

bank in ' the wyldernesse of Wyrale ', whence his onward course is not localised by name, but by description of scenery would correspond very well with a plunge into Lancashire. Since none in Wirral knew of a green knight or a green chapel, Sir Gawayne fared on, taking ' gates strange ' (strange paths), clomb over many cliffs in strange lands, and fought his way against foes over fords, wolves that lived in the rocks, bulls, bears, boars, and giants that came down from the high fells. But (I modernise the text):

> War wrathed him not so much, the winter was worse,
> When the cold clear water from the clouds shedded
> And froze ere it could fall to the fallow earth.
> Near slain with the sleet he slept in his harness
> More nights than enough amid naked rocks,
> Whereas clattering from the crest the cold burn runs
> And hung high over his head in hard icicles.

On Christmas morning he rides by a mount:

> Into a forest full deep that was wondrous wild,
> High hills on each side and holt woods under,
> Of hoary oaks full huge a hundred together . . .
> With many birds unblithe upon bare twigs,
> That piteously there piped for pain of the cold.

but in answer to the prayer to ' Mary that is myldest mother so dere ', for some harbour where he may devoutly hear Mass,

> He was ware in the wood of a dwelling within a moat,
> Above a laund, upon a law [hill], locked under boughs
> Of many burly tree-boles, around by the ditches,
> A castle the comeliest that ever knight owned.

In this castle, which conjecture has even identified with that of Clitheroe, many miles north of Blackburn, he finds refuge and lavish entertainment, and a guide to the green chapel (' nobot an old cave, in truly Lancashire phrase), from the lord of the castle, who

is himself in reality the Green Knight. His honour and chastity pass severe tests devised by the lord and his lady, the relation of which alternates with minute and interesting descriptions of deer, wild boar, and fox hunts, and further descriptions of north country scenery and weather. When he leaves for the green chapel to receive his death-blow, as he supposes, the path and morning are oppressively in keeping:

> They ride by banks where boughs are bare,
> They climb by cliffs and are shrivelled with cold;
> The sky was uplifted, but horribly thereunder,
> Mist was muggy on the moorland and melted on the mountains,
> Each hill had a hat, a mist-hakel [cloak of mist] huge.
> Brooks boiled and broke from highlands around them,
> Sheer shattering on shores where they dashed downward.
> Wild and lonely was the way where they went by the wood
> Till it was now season when the sun rises,
> The morning tide.
> They were on a hill full high,
> The white snow lay beside.

The magic or witchery which plays a great part in this romance is not malevolent, and if the later association with witchcraft is no credit to Lancashire, certainly, in her original and transformed sense, the Lancashire witch has played a considerable part in the literature relating to the county, and I add something here explanatory of, and supplementary to, the illustrations which are given. When fifteen poor women of the Pendle Forest district were tried in 1612 and twelve executed, the effect was small as far as pure literature was concerned, though a few allusions were occasioned, as when in Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, acted 1616, Satan tells Pug he is ' too dull a devil to be trusted ' with the affairs of Hell about London, but would make

> " An agent to be sent for *Lancashire*
> Proper enough; or some parts of Northumberland,"

so he had good instructions. Potts's *Discovery of Witchcraft* appeared in 1613, but it was the trial of a number of women in 1633 which provided Thomas Heywood and Richard Brome with material for their play of the following year, particularly the picturesque elements absent from the depositions of 1612 which could be easily turned to account for comic purposes. Such was the meeting of witches (as solemnly deposed) to feast in a great barn, where food was provided by pulling of ropes attached to the roof,—milk, butter and hot roast meat. This meal is by the dramatists contrived to disappear from the feast at a wedding, where the witches are made to play other strange pranks, and which concerns real Lancashire peasants and illustrates Lancashire customs, the bagpipe that cannot be bewitched though the fiddles are, and the lusty hornpipe danced by old and young.

Ann Generous in this play, the wife of a North country gentleman, yet a witch, was doubtless suggested by Alice Nutter, a lady of position, who was actually accused and condemned in the former trial, and who appears tragically in her own name in the modern novel, Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches*. The accused of 1633 were more fortunate. The jury condemned seventeen persons, but the judge withheld ratification and reported the matter to the king in council. Charles had some of the accused brought to London and examined by his own physician. He questioned them himself, and is said to have given the present sense to 'Lancashire witches'. He dismissed the proposed victims, who were afterwards wholly exonerated by the principal witness, the boy Robinson, who confessed that he had been suborned to accuse them. Two years later than Heywood's play, Richard James made and wrote his *Iter Lancastrense*, with its humane reference to supposed witches as on p. 31 of this book.

The subject was revived for drama after the lapse of nearly half a century by Thomas Shadwell, Dryden's enemy and butt, and treated with similar realism and local colour, although he complicates his plot with a conventional love story, and, as ' the true blue Protestant poet ' adds a severe caricature of the Irish priesthood and its machinations in a county where Roman Catholicism was, as it still is, particularly strong. In neither play do the witches conspire in dialect, but Shadwell extends it beyond his peasants (Clod and Thomas o' Georges) as appears in the selected passage, in which is drawn the luckless position of a younger brother, a stay-at-home dependent on the bounty of the first-born, and less fortunately situated than Will Wimble in the ' Spectator ', though no less a merry, honest fellow and a good sportsman. Shadwell, as will be noticed, imitates the Lancastrian form of she (*hoo*).

That Spenser, though born in London, was of Lancashire family is clear; and that he was much in the home-land (probably at Hurstwood, near Burnley), and there fell in love with his Rosalind and bemoaned his love in language savouring of the shire, accounts for the inclusion of part of the June eclogue from *The Shepheardes Calender*. The majority of the remaining selections may be allowed to speak for themselves with such assistance as notes and glossary are able to give. They aim at representing, in some degree, different forms of literature as they apply to Lancashire, in which are revealed its varied scenery, its old traditions and customs, and the life and character of its inhabitants in former days. The topographical and antiquarian descriptions of Camden in prose, and Drayton's patriotic endeavour to exalt and poetize the same scenes in song, with the aid of personification, contrast with the relations of later observers like Gray and

Mrs. Radcliffe, whose chief concern is with the picturesque and beautiful; and all these with the waggish itineraries of John Taylor and Richard Braithwaite, or *Doctor Syntax*, who are most occupied by the hospitalities they receive and the accidents of their travel.

The beginnings of a regular dialect literature in Byrom and John Collier chiefly display the satirical and humorous gifts of its users, but in the extensive dialect literature which has grown up since their day and still flourishes in the manufacturing districts, humour and pathos play equal parts. The widest known writers, such as Waugh and Brierley, are units in a numerous band: in 'A Lancashire Anthology' of verse, edited in 1923 by Miss May Yates (to which and to whom I am under obligation) between thirty and forty out of a much larger number of writers are illustrated. An old novel by Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, partly in dialect, has furnished me with pictures of East Lancashire and its life about 1830. The author ranges abroad into other countries and in regions of social and educational theory, and affects ideal characters, but his portrayal of the privation and strife caused by the substitution of machinery for weaving by hand, and of the scenery and the life, agricultural and domestic, of the period, are full of interest. Writing ten or twelve years later than Mrs. Gaskell, he describes times nearly twenty years earlier than she. The courtesy of a living writer, Mr. Ammon Wrigley, enables me to include verse and prose which have added a grace to the charm of the moorland scenery they paint, and to the appeal of beautiful bygone things killed by economic change. The parish which he celebrates—sometimes in dialect and sometimes, as in these extracts, in customary English—is legally in Yorkshire, but, as he says himself in " Songs of a Moorland Parish ", it is Lancashire in speech and character

and ecclesiastically under Lancastrian control; and, indeed, by " its physical determination " a part of that county.

In regard to copyright, I owe thanks also to Mr. Gordon Bottomley and to his publishers, Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd., for permission to print the favourite ' New Year's Eve, 1913 ' from *Poems of Thirty Years*, 1925, and to Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie for allowing me to take from his *Twelve Idylls*, 1928, ' The Stream's Song ', which was inspired, as he tells me, by a beck in the Furness district. Passages from Mr. D. C. Tovey's edition of *The Letters of Thomas Gray*, and from Brierley's *Ab'-O'-Th'-Yate's Dictionary* appear by kind permission of Messrs. George Bell & Sons, Ltd., and Messrs. Abel Heywood & Sons, Ltd., Manchester, respectively.

I have also to thank the Reverend T. C. Porteus for permission to include a section from his *Cottonopolis, A Song of Manchester*, which was awarded the prize for English verse in the University of that city in 1922.

Finally I owe grateful thanks to Mr. R. P. Cowl, the general editor of this series, for valuable advice and suggestions.

LANCASHIRE
IN PROSE AND VERSE

LANCASHIRE
HAWKSHEAD
CONISTON WATER
LOWICK
ULVERSTONE
CHAPEL ISLAND
DUDDON SANDS
ARNSIDE
DUNALD MILL HOLE
KIRKLEMSDALE
MORECAMBE BAY
FURNESS ABBEY
PEEL CASTLE
FOULNESS ISLE
HEYSHAM
WARTON
HALTON CASTLE
LANCASTER
FOREST OF BOWLAND
LUNE
PILLING
GARSTANG
WYRE
WADDINGTON
PENDLE HILL
ST MITTON
RIBBLE
WHALLEY
CLITHEROE CASTLE
BURNLEY
CALDER
PRESTON
BLACKBURN
RIVER DARWEN
MERTON POOL
LARWEN
HASLINGDEN
BOLTON
BURY
ROCHDALE
MILNROW
WIGAN
ASHTON
LIVERPOOL
KNOWSLEY
PRESCOT
ST HELENS
MERSEY
MANCHESTER
CHAT MOSS
STOCKPORT
DAVY.

ANONYMOUS

[c. 1515]

The Scottish Field

HE [the Erle of Surrey] made letters boldlie all the land over:
In Lancashire belive he caused a man to ride,
To the bishopp of Eley, that bode in those partes;
Curteslie commaunded him, in the Kinges name,
To somon the shire, and set them in order:
He was put in more power, than any prelate elles.
Then the bishop full boldlie, bowneth furth his standart,
With a captaine full kene, as he was knowen after;
He made a wee to wynde, to warne his dere brother,
Edward, that egar Knight, that epe was of deedes!
A stalke of the Standles, stepe of him selven!
Then full radlie he rayseth, rinckes ten thousandes;
To Skypton in Craven then he come belive,
There abideth he the banner of his dere brother,
Till a captaine with it come, that knowen was full wide,
Sir John Stanley that stowte Knight, that sterne was of deedes!
With four thousand fursemen that followed him after;
They were tenantes that they tooke, that tenden on the bishopp,
Of his household, I you hete, hope ye no other.
Every burne had on his breast browdered with goulde,
A fote of the faireste foule that ever flowe on winge!
With their crownes full cleare all of pure goulde!
Yt was a semely sight, to see them togeder,
Fourtene thousand egill feete, feteled in araye.

* * * * *

Then the Skottishe kinge, carped theis wordes:
" I will fight with yonder freakes, that are so fuerse holden,
And I beate those burnes, the battall is ours! "
Then he moved towards the mountaines, and manly came downwardes,
We met him in the midway, and matched him full even.
Then there was dealing of dentes, that all the dales rongen;
Many helmes with heddes, were hewen all to peeces!
This layke lasted on the lande, the lengthe of fower howers.
Yorkshire like yorne men, egerly they foughten!
So did Darbyshire that day, deyred many Scottes!
Lancashire like lyons layden them aboute!
All had bene lost, by our Lorde,
Had not those leddes bene!

ANONYMOUS
[16TH CENTURY?]

Flodden Field

ALL Lancashire for the most part
The lusty Standley stout can lead,
A stock of striplings strong of heart,
Brought up from babes with beef and bread.
From Warton unto Warrington,
From Wigan unto Wiresdale,
From Weddecon to Waddington,
From Ribchester unto Rochdale,
From Poulton to Preston with pikes
They with the Standley out forth went.
From Pemberton and Pilling Dikes,
In battle billmen bold were bent.

With fellows fierce and fresh for fight,
Which Halton fields did turn in force;
With lusty lads, liver and light,
From Blackburn and Bolton-in-the-Moors.

WILLIAM CAMDEN
[1551-1623]
Philemon Holland's Translation, 1637

Lancashire

I MUST now turne the course of my journey another way, unto the rest of the Brigantes, who were planted on the farther side of the Hilles toward the Irish Sea: and first unto Lancashire, which I goe unto (God speede me well) after a sort somewhat against my will: For I feare me that I shall not satisfie my selfe, and much lesse the Reader. For very few things fell out to my desire, when I travailed over the greatest part thereof, the old names in every place have been so worne out by the continuall assault of Time. But least I might be thought to neglect the hearty good *Lancashire* men, I will proceed, in hope that God's assistance, which hitherto hath been favourable unto me, will not now faile me.

Under those mountaines, which (as I have often said heretofore) shoote along through the middle of England, and interpose themselves as umpires and Bounders betweene divers shires, *Lancashire* lyeth toward the West, . . . commonly termed *Lonkashire*, *Lancashire*, and *The County Palatine of Lancaster*, because it is notably knowne by the title of a *County Palatine*. It is so enclosed betweene *Yorkeshire* on the East side, and the Irish Sea on the West, that on the South side where it boundeth upon *Cheshire* it is broader, and by little and little the more Northward it

goeth, where it confineth upon *Westmorland*, the narrower it groweth. And there, by an Arme of the sea insinuating it selfe, is interrupted, and hath a good part of it which butteth upon *Cumberland*, beyond the said Arme.

Where the ground is plaine and champion, it yeeldeth good store of Barley and Wheat: that which lieth at the bottom of the hilles, is better for Otes: The soile every where is meetely good and tolerable, unlesse it be in certain moist places and unwholesome called *Mosses*, which notwithstanding make amends for these their discommodities, with more plentiful commodities. For if their upper coate bee pared away, they yeald certaine unctuous or fattish *Turffes* for fewell, and some times underground trees, or which have lien a long time buried there. Underneath also in divers places they affourd abundance of marle, which serveth instead of mucke to enrich their grounds. Whereby, the soile that in mans opinion was held most unapt to beare Corne, beginneth now to be so kinde and arable, that it may be justly thought, mens idlenesse in times past was greater than any naturall barrainesse of the soile. But a man may judge of the goodnesse of the soile, partly by the constitution and complexion of the Inhabitants, who are to see to, passing faire and beautifull, and in part, if you please, by the Cattaile. For, in their Kine and Oxen which have goodly heads and faire spread hornes, and are in body well proportionate withall, you shall finde in manner no one point wanting, that *Mago* the Carthaginian doth require, as *Columella* specifieth out of him.

* * * * *

Duglesse a riveret, creepeth and stealeth along quietly by this place [Ormeskirke]; neere unto which our noble Arthur, as *Nennius* writeth, put the Saxons to flight in a memorable battaile. At the head hereof

standeth the towne *Wiggin*, called in ancient times Wibiggin: of which name I have nothing else to say, but that in Lancashire they call buildings and houses *Biggins:* neither of the towne, but that it is faire, and a Corporation also with a Maior and Burgesses: and the parson of the Church, as I have learned, is Lord of the towne. . . . Neere unto the mouth of *Duglesse* is *Merton*, a very great and large poole, which emptieth it selfe into this river, and then streight waies meeteth with the river *Ribell*, neare his out-let. . . . This river comming with a quicke and hasty streame out of the hils in Yorkeshire, taketh his course first Southward, by three exceeding high mountaines, *Ingleborrow hill* at the spring head, which I wondered at to see how it ascendeth as it were by degrees with a huge and mighty ridge Westward, and at the farthest end mounteth up into the aire, as if another hill were set upon the head of it: *Penigent*, haply so called of his whitish and snowy top, for so *Pengwin* signifieth in the British tongue: and he riseth aloft with an huge bulke, howbeit not altogether so high as the other. But when *Ribell* commeth into Lancashire (for those two stand in Yorkeshire) *Pendle-hill* advanceth it selfe up to the skie with a lofty head, and in the very top thereof bringeth forth a peculiar plant, which, as though it came out of the clowdes, they tearme *Clowdes-bery*. But this mountaine is most notorious for the harme that it did not long since to the country lying beneath it, by reason of a mighty deale of water gushing out of it: as also for an infallible prognostication of raine, so often as the top thereof is covered with a mist. Of these hils I have made mention the more willingly, both because they are the highest in our *Appenine:* whence commeth this vulgar Rhime.

Ingleborrow, *Pendle*, and *Penigent*,
Bee the highest hils between Scotland and Trent.

WILLIAM CAMDEN
[1551-1623]

Furness

WHILES I looked round about from the top of the said castle hill [Lancaster], to see the mouth of *Lone*, that issueth it selfe into the sea a little lower, *Fornesse* the other part of this shire appeared in sight, which the sea hath after a sort violently rent apart from the rest. For when as the shore did from hence shoote out a maine way into the West, the Ocean, as it were much displeased and angry hereat, obstinately ceased not to slash and mangle it, nay, which is more, hath with his fell flowing at boisterous tides devoured the shore: and thereby maketh three wide creekes or bayes; namely, *Kent-sand*, at which the river *Ken* powreth it selfe forth; *Leven-sand*, and *Dudden-sand:* betweene which (two) the land beareth out so much, that thereupon it took the name. For with us in our language, *For-nesse & Foreland* is all one with the Latine *Promontorium anterius* (that is, a Fore-promontory). All this part, unlesse it be hard by the sea side, mounteth up aloft with high topped hils, and huge fels standing thicke together, which they tearme *Forness-fells*. Among which the Britans lived safe a great while, trusting upon those strong naturall fenses: although the victorious English Saxons made way through all in the end. For in the yeere 228, after there comming in, I gather that the Britans had their abode here, because Ecfride King of Northumberland, gave unto Holy Saint *Cuthbert*, the land called *Carthmell*, and all the Britans in it (thus we finde written in his life) and it is very well knowne that *Carthmell* is a part of this shire by *Kent-sand*, and a little towne in it retaineth yet the same name: Wherein *William Mareschall* the elder,

Earl of Pembrock built a Priory, and endowed it with living. If you read in *Ptolomee* Setantiorum λιμνη that is *The Setantians Mere*, as some Copies have; and not Setantiorum λιμὴν that is, *The Setantians Haven*, I durst boldly avouch that these Britans here were called Setantii. For among these mountaines the greatest standing water in all England, now called *Winander-mere* . . . (haply of his winding and turning in and out) lieth stretched out for the space of ten miles or thereabout with crooked bankes, and is all paved (as it were) with stone in the bottome: in some places of wonderful depth, and breeding a peculiar kinde of fish found no where else, which the inhabitants thereby call *A Chare*.

WILLIAM CAMDEN
[1551-1623]

The County Palatine

BUT hee [Henry, first Duke of Lancaster], having no issue male, departed this life, leaving behind him two daughters, *Maude* and *Blanch*, betweene whom the inheritance was divided. *Maud* was married to William of *Bavaria*, who was Earle of Holland, Zeland, Frisland, Henault, and in his wives right, of Leicester. And when as she deceased without children, John of *Gaunt*, so called because he was born at *Gaunt* in Flanders, fourth sonne of King Edward the third, who had married *Blanch*, the other daughter of Henry aforesaid, entred upon the whole inheritance: and now being for wealth equivalent to many Kings, and created withall by his father Duke of Lancaster, he obtained also at his hands great roialties; for hee, having related what noble service he had performed to his country,

at home and abroad in the warres, preferred the County of Lancaster to the dignity of a *County* Palatine, by his letters Patent, the tenour whereof runneth in this wise. *Wee have granted for us and our heires, unto our foresaid sonne, that he may have for tearme of his life, his Chancery within the County of Lancaster, and his writs to be sealed under his owne Seale to be appointed for the office of the Chancellour: also Justices of his owne, as well to hold Plees of the Crowne, as also other plees whatsoever touching common Law: also the hearing and deciding of the same, yea and the making of all executions whatsoever, by vertue of their owne writs and offices there.*

Moreover, all other liberties and Roialties whatsoever to a County Palatine belonging, as freely and in as ample manner, as the Earle of Chester within the same Countie of Chester is knowne to have, &c.

* * * * *

There are counted in this shire, beside very many Chappels, Parishes 36 *and no more: but those wonderfull populous, and which for multitude of inhabitants, farre exceed the greatest parishes elsewhere.*

EDMUND SPENSER
[1552?-1599]

An Eclogue

HOBBINOL COLIN CLOUTE

LO *Colin*, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath weand my wandering mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
The grassye ground with dayntie Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych *Adam* lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene ytost:
Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely boste.
But I, unhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shroude my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL

Then if by me thou list advised be,
Forsake the soyle, that so doth thee bewitch:
Leave me those hilles[1], where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holybush, nor brere, nor winding witche:
And to the dales [2] resort, where shepheards ritch,
And fruictfull flocks bene every where to see.
Here no night Ravens lodge more black then pitche,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:
And Pan himselfe to kisse their christall faces,
Will pype and daunce, when Phœbe shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures have we in these places.

COLLIN

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres
Did let me walke withouten lincks of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres:

[1] That is the North countrye, where he dwelt. E.K. in *Glosse*.

[2] The Southpartes, where he nowe abydeth, which though they be full of hylles and woodes . . . yet in respect of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrye. E.K. in *Glosse*.

But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove,
My fancye eke from former follies move
To stayed steps; for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old above)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene apples unrype,
To give my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOLL

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou wert wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groves to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes. . . .

COLLIN

* * * * *

The God of shepheards *Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
He, whilst he lived, was the soveraigne head
Of shepheards all, that bene with love ytake:
Well couth he wayle his Woes, and lightly slake
The flames, which love within his heart had bredd,
And tell us mery tales, to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should death on hym such outrage showe?)
And all his passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But if on me some little drops would flowe,
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtesee,
As messengers of all my painful plight,
Flye to my love, where ever that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:
As shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou *Menalcas*, that by trecheree
Didst underfong my lasse, to wexe so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wish I were
Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flower is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse fayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

HOBBINOL

O careful *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

MICHAEL DRAYTON
[1563-1631]

Hey for Lancashire!
The Argument

The circuit of this Shire exprest,
Erwell, *and* Ribble *then contest;*
The Muse next to the Mosses flies,
And to fayre Wyre *her selfe applies,*
The Fishy Lun *then doth shee bring,*
The praise of Lancashire *to sing;*
The Isle of Man *maintaines her plea,*
Then falling Eastward from that Sea,
On rugged Furnesse, *and his Fells,*
Of which this Canto lastly tells.

SCARCE could the labouring Muse salute this lively Shire,
But strait such shouts arose from every Mosse and Mere,
And Rivers rushing downe, with such unusuall noyse,
Upon their peably sholes, seem'd to expresse their joyes,
That *Mersey* (in her course which happily confines
Brave *Cheshire* from this Tract, two County Palatines)
As ravish'd with the newes, along to *Lerpoole* ran,
That all the Shores which lye to the Vergivian,[1]
Resounded with the shouts, so that from Creeke to Creeke,
So lowd the Ecchoes cry'd, that they were heard to shreeke
To *Fournesse* ridged Front, whereas the rocky Pile
Of *Foudra* is at hand, to guard the out-layd Isle
Of *Walney*, and those grosse and foggy *Fells* awooke;
Thence flying to the East, with their reverberance shooke

[1] The *Irish* Sea.

The Clouds from *Pendles* head (which as the people say,
Prognosticates to them a happy *Halcyon* day)
Rebounds on *Blackstonedge*, and there by falling fils
Faire *Mersey*, making in from the *Derbeian* Hills.
But whilst the active Muse thus nimbly goes about,
Of this large Tract to lay the true Demensions out,
The neat *Lancastrian* Nymphes, for beauty that excell,
That for the Hornpipe round doe beare away the bell;
Some that about the Banks of *Erwell* make abode,
With some that have their seat by *Ribbles* silver road,
In great contention fell (that mighty difference grew)
Which of those Floods deserv'd to have the sovereigne due;
So that all future spleene, and quarrels to prevent,
That likely was to rise about their long discent,
Before the neighbouring Nymphs, their right they meane to plead,
And first thus for her selfe the lovely *Erwell* sayd.
Yee Lasses, quoth this Flood, have long and blindly er'd,
That *Ribble* before me, so falsely have prefer'd,
That am a Native borne, and my descent doe bring,
From ancient Gentry here, when *Ribble* from her Spring,
An Alien knowne to be, and from the Mountaines rude
Of *Yorkshire* getting strength, here boldly dares intrude
Upon my proper Earth, and through her mighty fall,
Is not asham'd her selfe of *Lancashire* to call:
Whereas of all the Nymphs that carefully attend
My Mistris *Merseys* State, ther's none that doth transcend
My greatnesse with her grace, which doth me so preferre,
That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
For though from *Blackstonedge* the *Taume* come tripping downe,
And from that long-ridg'd Rocke, her fathers high renowne,

Of *Mersey* thinks from me, the place alone to winne,
With my attending Brooks, yet when I once come in,
I out of count'nance quite doe put the Nymph, for note,
As from my Fountaine I tow'rds mightier *Mersey* float,
First *Roch* a dainty Rill, from *Roch-dale* her deare Dame,
Who honored with the halfe of her sterne mothers name,
Growes proud; yet glad her selfe into my Bankes to get,
Which *Spodden* from her Spring, a pretty Rivelet,
As her attendant brings, when *Irck* addes to my store,
And *Medlock* to their much, by lending somewhat more,
At *Manchester* doe meet, all kneeling to my State,
Where brave I show my selfe; then with a prouder gate,
Tow'rds *Mersey* making on, great *Chatmosse* at my fall,
Lyes full of Turfe, and Marle, her unctuous Minerall,
And Blocks as blacke as Pitch (with boring-Augars found)
There at the generall Flood supposed to be drownd.
Thus chiefe of *Merseys* traine, away with her I runne,
When in her prosperous course she watreth *Warrington*,
And her faire silver load in *Lerpoole* downe doth lay,
A Road none more renownd in the *Vergivian* Sea.
Yee lustie Lasses then, in *Lancashire* that dwell,
For Beautie that are sayd to beare away the Bell,
Your Countries Horn-pipe, yee so minsingly that tread,
As ye the Eg-pie love, and Apple Cherry-red;[1]
In all your mirthfull Songs, and merry meetings tell,
That *Erwell* every way doth *Ribble* far excell.

* * * * *

But *Ribbell* that this while for her advantage wrought,
Of what shee had to say doth well her selfe advise,
And to brave *Erwels* speech, thus boldly she replies.

[1] He that will fish for a *Lancashire* man, at any time or tide,
Must bait his hooke with a good Eg-pie, or an Apple with a red side.

With that, whereby the most thou thinkst me to disgrace,
That I an Alien am (not rightly of this place)
My greatest glory is, and *Lancashire* therefore,
To Nature for my Birth, beholding is the more;
That *Yorkshire*, which all Shires for largenesse doth exceed,
A kingdome to be cald that well deserves (indeed)
And not a Fountaine hath, that from her wombe doth flow
Within her spacious selfe, but that she can bestow,
To *Lancaster* yet lends, me *Ribbell*, from her store,
Which adds to my renowne, and makes her Bountie more.
From *Penigents* proud foot, as from my source I slide,
That Mountaine my proud Syre, in height of all his pride,
Takes pleasure in my Course, as in his first-borne Flood:
And *Ingleborow* Hill of that *Olympian* Brood,
With *Pendle*, of the North the highest Hills that be,
Doe wistly me behold, and are beheld of me,
These mountaines make me proud, to gaze on me that stand:
So *Long-ridge*, once arriv'd on the *Lancastrian* Land,
Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soyle invites;
So have I many a Flood, that forward me excites,
As *Hodder*, that from home attends me from my Spring;
Then *Caldor* comming downe, from *Blackstonedge* doth bring
Me eas'ly on my way, to *Preston* the greatst Towne,
Wherewith my Banks are blest; whereat my going downe,
Cleere *Darwen* on along me to the Sea doth drive,
And in my spacious fall no sooner I arrive,
But *Savock* to the North, from *Longridge* making way,
To this my greatnesse adds, when in my ample Bay,
Swart *Dulas* comming in, from *Wiggin* with her ayds,
Short *Taud*, and *Dartow* small, too little Country Mayds,

(In those low watry lands, and Moory Mosses bred)
Doe see mee safely layd in mighty Neptunes bed;
And cutting in my course, even through the very heart
Of this renowned Shire, so equally it part,
As Nature should have said, Loe thus I meant to doe;
This Flood divides this Shire thus equally in two.
Ye Mayds, the Horne-pipe then, so minsingly that tread,
As yee the Egg pye love, and Apple Cherry-red;
In all your mirthfull Songs, and merry meetings tell,
That *Ribbell* every way, your *Erwell* doth excell.

* * * * *

To give to this her Towne [Lancaster] what rightly doth belong,
Of this most famous Shire, our *Lun* thus frames her Song.
First, that most precious thing, and pleasing most to man,
Who from him (made of earth) imediatly began,
His shee selfe woman, which the goodliest of this Isle,
This country hath brought forth, that much doth grace my stile;
Why should those Ancients else, which so much knowing were,
When they the Blazons gave to every severall Shire,
Fayre women as mine owne, have titled due to me?
Besides in all this Isle, there no such Cattell be,
For largenesse, Horne, and Haire, as these of *Lancashire;*
So that from every part of England farre and neere,
Men haunt her Marts for Store, as from her Race to breed.
And for the third, wherein she doth all Shires exceed,
Be those great race of Hounds, the deepest mouth'd of all,
The other of this kind, which we our Hunters call,
Which from their bellowing throats upon a sent so roare,
That you would surely thinke, that the firme earth they tore

With their wide yawning chaps, or rent the Clouds in sunder,
As though by their loud crie they meant to mocke the thunder.
Besides her Natives have been anciently esteem'd,
For Bow-men neere our best, and ever have been deem'd
So loyall, that the Guard of our preceding Kings,
Of them did most consist; but yet mongst all these things,
Even almost ever since the *English* Crowne was set
Upon the lawfull head, of our *Plantaginet*,
In Honour, next the first, our Dukedome was allow'd,
And always with the greatst revenewes was endow'd:
And after when it hapt, *France*-conquering *Edwards* blood
Divided in it selfe, here for the Garland stood,
The right *Lancastrian* Line, it from *Yorks* issue bare,
The Red-rose, our brave Badge, which in their Helmets ware
In many a bloody field, at many a doubtful fight,
Against the House of *Yorke*, which bare for theirs the White.
And for my selfe there's not the *Tivy*, nor the *Wye*,
Nor any of those Nymphs, that to the Southward lye,
For *Salmon* me excels; and for this name of *Lun*,
That I am Christned by, the *Britaines* it begun,
Which Fulnesse doth import, of waters still encrease:
To *Neptune* lowting low, when Christall *Lun* doth cease,
And *Conder* comming in, conducts her by the hand,
Till lastly shee salute the poynt of *Sunderland*,[1]
And leaves our dainty *Lun* to *Amphitrites* care.
So blyth and bonny now the Lads and Lasses are,
That ever as anon the Bag-pipe up doth blow,
Cast in a gallant Round about the Harth they goe,
And at each pause they kisse, was never seen such rule

[1] A part of *Lancashire* jutting out into the *Irish* Sea.

In any place but heere, at Boon-fire, or at Yeule;
And every village smokes at Wakes with lusty cheere,
Then Hey they cry for *Lun*, and Hey for *Lancashire*.

* * * * *

This Island [Isle of Man] with the Song of *Lun* is taken so,
As shee hath speciall cause before all other, who
For her bituminious Turfe, squar'd from her Mossy ground,
And Trees farre under earth (by daily digging found),
As for the store of Oats, which her blacke Gleabe doth beare,
In every one of these resembling *Lancashire*,
To her shee'l stoutly stick, as to her neerest kin,
And cries the day is ours, brave *Lancashire* doth win.
But yet this *Isle of Man* more seemes not to rejoyce
For *Lancashires* good luck, nor with a louder voyce
To sound it to the Shores then *Furnesse* whose sterne face,
With Mountaines set like Warts, which Nature as a grace
Bestow'd upon this Tract, whose browes doe looke so sterne,
That when the Nymphs of Sea did first her Front discerne,
Amazedly they fled, to *Amphitrite's* Bower,
Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so sower,
As it maligned the Rule which mighty *Neptune* bare,
Whose Fells to that grim god, most sterne and dreadfull are,
With Hills whose hanging browes, with Rocks about are bound,
Whose mighty feet stand fixt in that blacke beachy ground,
Whereas those scattered trees, which naturally pertake
The fatnesse of the soyle (in many a slimy Lake
Their roots so deeply sok'd) send from their stocky bough,
A soft and sappy Gum, from which those *Tree-geese* grow

Call'd *Barnacles* by us, which like a Jelly first
To the beholder seeme, then by the fluxure nurst,
Still great and greater thrive, untill you well may see
Them turn'd to perfect Fowles, when dropping from the tree
Into the Merry Pond, which under them doth lye,
Waxe ripe, and taking wing, away in flockes doe flye;
Which well our Ancients did among our Wonders place:
Besides by her strong Scite, she doth receave this grace,
Before her neighbouring Tracts, (which *Fournesse* well may vaunt)
That when the *Saxons* here their forces first did plant,
And from the Inner-land the ancient *Britains* drave,
To their distrest estate it no lesse succour gave
Then the trans Severn'd Hills, which their old stocke yet stores,
Which now we call the *Welsh*, or the *Cornubian* Shores.
What Country lets ye see those soyles within her Seat,
But shee in little hath, what it can show in great?
As first without her selfe at Sea to make her strong,
(Yet how so'er expos'd, doth still to her belong)
And fence her furthest poynt, from that rough *Neptunes* rage,
The Isle of *Walney* lyes, whose longitude doth swage
His fury when his waves, on *Furnesse* seeme to warre,
Whose crooked backe is arm'd with many a rugged scarre[1]
Against his boystrous shocks, which this defensive Isle
Of *Walney* still assayle, that shee doth scorne the while,
Which to assist her hath the *Pyle of Fouldra* set,
And *Fulney* at her backe, a pretty Insulet,
Which all their forces bend, their *Furnesse* safe to keepe:
But to his inner earth, divert we from the deepe,

[1] A scarre is a rock.

Where those two mightie Meres, out-strecht in length
do wander,
The lesser *Thurstan* nam'd, the famouser *Wynander*,
So bounded with her Rocks, as Nature would descry,
By her how those great Seas *Mediterranean* lye.
To Sea-ward then shee hath her sundry Sands agen,
As that of *Dudden* first, then *Levin*, lastly *Ken*,
Of three bright *Naiades* nam'd, as *Dudden* on the West,
That *Cumberland* cuts off from this Shire, doth invest
Those sands with her proud Style, when *Levin* from the
Fells,
Besides her naturall source, with the abundance swells,
Which those two mighty *Meres*, upon her either side
Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,
Shee leaves her ancient name, and *Fosse* her selfe doth
call,
Till comming to the Sands, even almost at her fall,
On them her ancient Style shee liberally bestowes.
Upon the East from these, cleere *Ken* her beautie
showes,
From *Kendale* comming in, which shee doth please to
grace,
First with her famous Type, then lastly in her race,
Her name upon those Sands doth liberally bequeath,
Whereas the Muse awhile may sit her downe to breath,
And after walke along tow'rds *Yorkshire* on her way,
On which shee strongly hopes to get a noble day.

THOMAS HEYWOOD

[D. 1650?]

The Effects of Witchcraft Described

Generous. . . . . It seems your Uncle you trusted in so far
Hath failed your expectation.

Arthur. Sir, he hath, not that he is unwilling or unable,
But at this time unfit to be solicited;
For to the Countries wonder, and my sorrow,
He is much to be pitied.
Generous. Why, I intreat you.
Arthur. Because hee's late become the sole discourse
Of all the country; for of a man respected
For his discretion and knowne gravitie,
As master of a govern'd Family,
The house (as if the ridge were fixt below,
And groundsils lifted up to make the roofe)
All now turn'd topsie turvy.
Generous. Strange, but how?
Arthur. In such a retrograde and preposterous way
As seldome hath bin heard of. I thinke never.
Generous. Can you discourse the manner?
Arthur. The good man,
In all obedience kneeles unto his son,
Hee with an austere brow commands his father.
The wife presumes not in the daughter's sight
Without a prepared courtesie. The girle, shee
Expects it as a dutie; chides her mother
Who quakes and trembles at each word she speaks,
And what's as strange, the Maid she dominiers
O're her young mistris, who is aw'd by her.
The son to whom the Father creeps and bends,
Stands in as much feare of the groom his man.
All in such rare disorder, that in some
As it breeds pitty, and in others wonder;
So in the most part laughter.
Generous. How thinke you might this come?
Arthur. 'Tis thought by Witchcraft.
Generous. They that thinke so dreame,
For my beliefe is, no such thing can be,
A madnesse you may call it.

THOMAS HEYWOOD
[D. 1650?]

The Effects of Witchcraft

Gregory Seely. He does nothing but practice waies to undo himselfe, and me; a very spendthrift, a prodigall sire, hee was at the Ale club but tother day, and spent a foure-penny.

Seely. 'Tis gone and past sonne.

Greg. Can you hold your peace, sir? And not long ago at the wine he spent his teaster, and two pence to the piper, that was brave was it not?

Seely. Truely we were very civily merry. But I have left it.

Greg. Your civility have you not? For no longer agoe than last holiday evening he gam'd away eight double ring'd tokens on a rubbers at bowles with the Curate, and some of his idle companions.

Doughty. Fie, Mr. *Gregory Seely*, is this seemely in a sonne? You'le have a rod for the child your father shortly I feare. Alasse did he make it cry? Give me a stroke and I'le beat him,
Blesse me, they make me almost as mad as themselves.

* * * * *

Enter Lawrence.

Law. What is the matter con yeow tell?

Greg. O *Lawrence*, welcom, Thou wilt make al wel I am sure.

Law. Yie whick way con yeow tell, but what the foule evill doone yee, heres sick a din?

Dou. Art thou his man fellow, ha? that talkest thus to him.

Law. Yie sir, and what ma' yeow o' that? he mainteynes me to rule him, and i'le dew't, or ma' the heart weary o' the weambe on him.

Dou. This is quite upside downe, the sonne controlls the father, and the man overcrowes his master's coxscombe, sure they are all bewitch'd.

JOHN TAYLOR
[1580-1654]

Hospitality

. . . I MUST tell,
How men of *Manchester* did use me well.
Their loves they on the tenter-hookes did racke,
Rost, boyld, bak'd, too, too much, white, claret, sacke,
Nothing they thought too heavy or too hot,
Canne followed canne, and Pot succeeded Pot,
That what they could do, all they thought too little,
Striving in love the Traveller to whittle.
We went into the house of one *John Pinners*,
(A man that lives amongst a crue of sinners)
And there eight severall sorts of Ale we had,
All able to make one starke drunke or mad.
But I with courage bravely flinched not,
And gave the Towne leave to discharge the shot.
We had at one time set upon the table,
Good Ale of Hisope, 'twas no Esope fable:
Then had we Ale of Sage, and Ale of Malt,
And Ale of Woormewood, that could make one halt,
With Ale of Rosemary, and Bettony,
And two Ales more, or else I needs must lye.
But to conclude this drinking Alye tale,
We had a sort of Ale, called Scurvy Ale.
Thus all these men, at their owne charge and cost,
Did strive whose love should be expressed most,
And farther to declare their boundlesse loves,
They saw I wanted, and they gave me Gloves;
In deed, and very deed, their loves were such,

That in their praise I cannot write too much;
They merit more then I have here compil'd,
I lodged at the Eagle and the Child,
Whereas my Hostesse (a good ancient woman)
Did entertaine me with respect, not common.
She caus'd my Linnen, Shirts, and Bands be washt,
And on my way she caus'd me be refresht,
She gave me twelve silke points, she gave me Baken,
Which by me much refused, at last was taken.
In troath she prov'd a mother unto me,
For which, I evermore will thankefull be . . .
O all you worthy men of *Manchester*
(True bred bloods of the County *Lancaster*)
When I forget what you to me have done,
Then let me head-long to confusion runne.
To Noble Master *Prestwich* I must give
Thankes, upon thankes, as long as I do live,
His love was such, I ne'r can pay the score,
He farre surpassed all that went before,
A horse and man he sent, with boundlesse bounty,
To bring me quite through *Lancasters* large County,
Which I well know is fifty miles at large,
And he defrayed all the cost and charge. . . .
The Wednesday being *Julye's* twenty nine,
My Journey I to *Preston* did confine.
All the day long it rained but one showre,
Which from the Morning to the Eve'n did powre,
And I, before to *Preston* I could get,
Was sowsd, and pickeld both with raine and sweat.
But there I was supply'd with fire and food,
And anything I wanted sweet and good.
There, at the Hinde, kinde Master *Hinde*, mine Host,
Kept a good table, bak'd and boyld, and rost.
There Wednesday, Thursday, Friday I did stay,
And hardly got from thence on Saturday.
Unto my Lodging often did repaire,

Kinde Master *Thomas Banister*, the Mayor
Who is of worship, and of good respect,
And in his charge discreet and circumspect.
For I protest to God I never saw,
A Towne more wisely Govern'd by the Law. . . .
Much cost and charge the Mayor upon me spent,
And on my way two miles, with me he went.
There (by good chance) I did more friendship get,
The Under Shriefe of *Lancashire* we met,
A Gentleman that lov'd, and knew me well,
And one whose bounteous mind doth beare the bell.
There, as if I had bin a noted thiefe,
The Mayor delivered me unto the Shriefe.
The Shriefe's authority did much prevaile,
He sent me unto one that kept the Jayle.
Thus I perambul[at]ing poore *John Taylor*,
Was giv'n from Mayor to Shriefe, from Shriefe to Jaylor.
The Jaylor kept an inne, good beds, good cheere,
Where paying nothing, I found nothing deere:
For the under Shrieve, kind Master *Covill* nam'd
(A man for house-keeping renown'd and fam'd)
Did cause the Towne of *Lancaster* afford
Me welcome, as if I had been a Lord.

RICHARD BRAITHWAITE
[1588-1673]

Barnabees Journall

THE SECOND PART

Mirtil[*us*].

FAUSTULUS! happily returned;
Tell me, pray thee, where th'st journed;
What Townes, villages th'ast viewed,
What Seats, Sites, or States were shewed;

Sure thou know'st the North's uncivill,
Small good comes thence, but much evill.

Faustul.

What I was once, same I am now,
Haire, condition, garments same too,
Yea, there's no man justly doubteth,
These the same shooes I went out with;
And for combe I ne're used any,
Lest I lost some of my *Meney*.

But attend me, and partake it,
What I loved, what I hated,
Bridges, fountaines, mountaines, valleis,
Cauls, cells, hillocks, high-wayes, shallows,
Paths, towns, villages, and trenches,
Chast-choice-chary-merry wenches.

Truth I'le tell thee, nothing surer,
Richer I am not, nor poorer,
Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,
Blither, brisker, more in season,
Better, worser, thinner, thicker,
Neither healthfuller nor sicker.

For the world I so far prize it
But for Liquor I'd despise it,
Thousand deaths I'd rather dye too,
Than hold Ale myne Enemy too:
" Sober, Lamb-like doe I wander,
" Drunk, I'm stout as *Alexander*.

* * * * *

But lest tedious I expresse me,
To my *Progresse* I'll addresse me.

First place where I first was knowne-a,
Was brave *John a Gants* old Towne-a,
A seat anciently renowned,
But with store of beggars drowned:
For a *Jaylor* ripe and mellow,
The world has not such a fellow.

Thence to *Ashton*, good as may be
Was the wine, brave Knight, bright Ladie,
All I saw was comely specious,
Seemly gratious, neatly precious;
My Muse with *Bacchus* so long traded,
When I walk't, my legs denaid it.

Thence to *Garestang*, pray you harke it,
Ent'ring there a great Beast-market,
As I jogged on the street-a
'Twas my fortune for to meete-a
A young Heyfer, who before her
Tooke me up and threw me o're her.

Thence to *Preston*, I was led-a,
To brave *Banisters* to bed-a,
As two borne and bred together
We were presently sworne brether;
Seven days were me there assigned,
Oft I supt, but never dined.

* * * * *

Thence to *Warrington*, banks or'eflowed,
Travellers to th' Towne were rowed,
Where supposing it much better
To be drown'd on Land than Water,
Sweetly, neatly I sojourned
Till that deluge thence returned.

RICHARD JAMES
[1592-1638]

The Fisherman

. . . LETT us varie sportes
Whoe are at leasure, and seeke niew resortes
For recreation. Ormeschurch and ye Meales
Are our next jorney; we direct no weales
Of state, to hinder our delight. Ye guise
Of those chaffe sands, which doe in mountaines rize,
On shore is pleasure to behould, which Hoes
Are calld in Worold: windie tempest blowes
Them up in heapes: tis past intelligence
With me how seas doe reverence
Unto ye sands; but sands and beach and peobles are
Cast up by rowling of the waves a ware
To make against their deluge, since ye larke
And sheepe within feede lower then ye marke
Of each high flood. Heere through ye wasshie sholes
We spye an owld man wading for ye soles
And flukes and rayes, which ye last morning tide
Had stayd in nets, or did att anchor ride
Uppon his hooks; him we fetch up, and then
To our goodmorrowe, 'Welcomme gentlemen,'
He sayd, and more, 'you gentlemen at ease,
Whoe monye have, and goe where ere you please,
Are never quiett; wearie of ye daye,
You now comme hither to drive time away:
Must time be driven? longest day with us
Shutts in to soone, as never tedious
Unto our business, making, mending nett,
Preparing hooks and baits, wherwith to gett
Cod, whiting, place, uppon ye sandie shelvs,
Where with to feede ye markett and our selvs.'
Happie ould blade, whoe in his youth had binne

Roving at sea when Essex Cales did winne,
So now he lives.

RICHARD JAMES
[1592-1638]

Pendle Hill Witches

'PENIGENT, Pendle hill, Ingleborough,
Three such hills be not all England thorough.'
I long to climbe up Pendle; Pendle stands,
Rownd cop, survaying all ye wilde moore lands,
And Malkins toure, a little cottage, where
Reporte makes caitive witches meete to sweare
Their homage to ye divell, and contrive
The deaths of men and beasts. Lett whoe will dive
Into this banefull search, I wonder much
If judges sentence with belief on such
Doth passe: then sure they would not for lewd gaine
Bad clients favour, or putt good to paine
Of long pursuite; for terror of ye fiend
Or love of God they would give causes end
With equall justice. Yet I doe confesse,
Needs must strainge phansies poore ould wives possesse,
Whoe in those desert mystie moores doe live
Hungrie and colde, and scarce see priest to give
Them ghostlye counsell. Churches farre doe stand
In laymen's hands, and chappells have no land
To cherish learned Curates, though Sir Jhon
Doe preach for four pounds unto Haselingdon.
Such yeerely rent, with right of begging corne,
Makes Jhon a sharer in my Ladyes horne:
He drinks and prayes, and fortie yeeres this life
Leading at home keepes children and a wife.
These are ye wonders of our carelesse dayes:
Small store serves him who for ye people prayes.

JOHN WHITE
[1608]

A Charm

MANY also use to weare Vervein against blasts; and when they gather it for this purpose, firste they crosse the herbe with their hand, and then they blesse it thus:

> Hallowed be thou, Vervein,
> As thou growest on the ground,
> For in the Mount of Calvary
> There thou wast first found.
> Thou healedst our Saviour Jesus Christ,
> And stanchedst his bleeding wound;
> In the name of the Father, Sone, and the Holy Ghost,
> I take thee from the ground.

And so they plucke it up and weare it.

THOMAS SHADWELL
[c. 1642-1692]

The Younger Brother. Witchcraft

Tom Shacklehead. How now, Cousin?

Sir Timothy. Cousin! plain Cousin! you might have more manners, Uncle; 'sFlesh, an one gives you an Inch, you'll take an Ell. I see, Familiarity breeds Contempt.

Tom Shac. Well, Sir *Timothy*, then; By'r Lady, I thought no harm; but I am your Uncle, I'll tell a that.

Sir. Tim. Yes, my Father's younger Brother. What a murrain do we keep you for, but to have an eye over our Dogs and Hawks, to drink Ale with the Tenants (when they come with Rent or Presents) in Black Jacks, at the upper end of a brown Shuffle-

board Table in the Hall? to sit at the lower End o' th' Board at Meals, rise, make a Leg, and take away your Plate at second Course? and you to be thus familiar.

Tom Shac. Pray forgive me, good Cousin; Sir Timothy I mean.

Sir Tim. Very well! you will be saucy again, Uncle. Uds lud, why was I Knighted, but to have my title given me? My Father and Lady Mother can give it me, and such a Fellow as you, a meer younger Brother, to forget it!

Tom Shack. Nay, nay, haud yee, ya mun ta't in good part; I did but forget a bit, good Sir *Timothy*.

Sir Tim. My Mother would be in a fine Taking about it, an she knew it.

Tom Shack. Nay, pray now do not say aught to my Lady, by th' Mass, who'll be e'en stark wood, an who hears on't. But look a, look a! here come th' Caursers; the Hare ha's played the De'il with us to Neeght, we han been aw bewitched.

Sir Tim. Ay, so we have, to have the Hare vanish in open Field before all our Faces, and our eyes never off from her.

Tom Shac. Ay, and then awd Wife (they caw'n her Mother *Demdike*) to start up i' th' same Pleck! i'th' very Spot o' Grawnt where we losten Puss!

Enter Sir Jeffery Shacklehead, Sir Edward Hartfort, *Young* Hartfort, *Chaplain*, . . .

Sir Edw. These are Prodigies you tell! they cannot be; your Senses are deceived.

Sir Jeff. My Senses deceived! that's well. Is there a Justice in *Lancashire* has so much Skill in Witches, as I have? Nay, I'll speak a proud Word, you shall turn me loose against any Witch-finder in *Europe;* I'd make an Ass of *Hopkins*, if he were alive.

Y. Hart. Nay, I'll swear, 'tis true. Pox on that awd

Carrion, Mother *Demdike!* she ha's marr'd all our Sports, and almost kill'd two Brace of Greyhounds worth a Thousand Pounds.

Sir Edw. Dreams, meer dreams of Witches, old Woman's Fables; the Devil's not such a Fool as you would make him.

Sir Jeff. Dreams! Mercy upon me! are you so prophane as to deny Witches?

Smerk. Heaven defend me! will you destroy the Existence of Witches? 'Tis very Atheistical.

Sir Edw. Incorrigible Ignorance! 'tis such as you are atheistical, that would equal the Devil's Power with that of Heaven it self. I see, such simple Parsons cannot endure to hear the Devil dishonour'd.

Sir Jeff. No Witches! Why, I have hang'd above Fourscore. Read *Bodin*, *Remigius*, *Delrio*, *Nider*, *Institutor*, *Sprenger*, *Godelman*, and *More*, and *Malleus Maleficarum*, a great Author, that writes sweetly about Witches, very sweetly!

Sir Edw. *Malleus Maleficarum* a Writer! he has read nothing but the Titles, I see.

MRS. FLEETWOOD HABERGHAM

[D. 1703]

Love's Evil Choice

I SOW'D the seeds of love, it was all in the spring,
In April, May, and June likewise, when small birds they do sing;
My garden's well planted with flowers everywhere,
Yet I had not liberty to choose for myself the flower I loved so dear.

My gardener he stood by, I ask'd him to choose for me:
He chose me the violet, the lily, and pink, but these I refused all three·

The violet I forsook, because it fades so soon;
The lily and pink I did o'erlook, and vow'd I'd stay
till June.

In June's there's a red rose-bud, and that's the flower
for me!
But oft have I pluck'd at the red rose-bud, till I gain'd
the willow-tree;
The willow-tree will twist, and the willow-tree will
twine,
Oh! I wish I was in the dear youth's arms that once
had this heart of mine.

My gardener he stood by, he told me to take great care,
For in the middle of a red rose-bud there grows a sharp
thorn there;
I told him I'd take no care till I did feel the smart,
And often I pluck'd at the red rose-bud till I pierced
it to the heart.

I'll make me a posy of hyssop,—no other I can touch,
That all the world may plainly see I love one flower
too much;
My garden is run wild!—when shall I plant anew?
For my bed, that once was cover'd with thyme, is all
overrun with rue.

TRADITIONAL
[CIRCA 1700?]

Owd Squire Parker O' Extwistle Hall

COME all ye jolly sportsmen, give ear to me all
An' I'll sing you of a huntin' at Extwistle Hall.
Sich huntin', sich huntin', you never did see;
So come, jolly sportsmen, and listen unto me.
Sich huntin', sich huntin', you never did see;
So come, jolly sportsmen, and listen unto me.

There were Squire Parker and Holden o' th' Clough,
T' one mounted on Nudger, and t' other on Rough;
An' tantivy, tantivy, the bugles did call,
To join in that huntin' fra Extwistle Hall.
Sich huntin', sich huntin', you never did see;
So come, jolly sportsmen, and listen unto me.

They hunted fra Roggerham to Wyecoller Moor,
But t' buck kept ahead and made th' horses to snore;
There were th' Owd Dog and Pincher, but Rover bet all
That started that morning fra Extwistle Hall.
Sich huntin', sich huntin', you never did see;
So come, jolly sportsmen, and listen unto me.

They hunted to Langridge, and then back again,
Till by Pendle Water the buck it were ta'en;
Some horses they stumbled, some riders did fall,
For they'd hunted *beawt* restin fra Extwistle Hall.
Sich huntin', sich huntin', you never did see;
So come, jolly sportsmen, and listen unto me.

Owd Nudger kept leadin', and let nought come near.
An' it neighed an' it *marlocked* when th' hunters did cheer;
So come jolly sportsmen, an' join wi' me all
In a health to Squire Parker o' Extwistle Hall.
Sich huntin', sich huntin', you never did see;
So drink to Squire Parker, Rover, Nudger an' me.

JOHN BYROM
[1692-1763]

A Dialogue between Sir John Jobson and Harry Homespun, occasioned by the March of the Highlanders into Lancashire in the year 1745.

Sir John. Was ye not sadly frightened, honest *Harry*,
To see those *Highland* Fellows—

Harry. *Not I, marry,—*
Sir J. No! How comes that?—
H. *Whoy, Sur, I conno' see*
What theer wur in 'um that shid freeten me—
Sir J. So many armed Ruffians as came here,
Was there not cause enough for all to fear?—
H. *Aw whoa, Sur* John? *it happen mit be so*
Wi sich foine loardly Gentlemen as yo :
But we poor Foke——
Sir J. Why, prithee, poor or rich,
Is it not much the same?
H. *Nou, not so mich ;*
We warken hard, as 'tiz, for meeat and clooas,
And connot eem to be so feert, God knooas.
Sir J. But *Harry*, to see Fire and Sword advance!
To have such Enemies as *Rome* and *France !*
Shou'd not this move alike both Rich and Poor,
To drive impending Ruin from their Door?
H. *As for the Rich, Sur* John, *I conno' tell*
But for the Poor, I'll onser for mysel ;
If Fire shid come, I ha' nout for it to brun,
Nor wark to find for oather Swooard or Gun :
For France *and* Rome *my feering is no greater,*
They lyen, I think, o' th' t'other Side o' th' Weater.
Sir J. You don't consider what may be the End
Of such a strange Indifference, my Friend;
Pray, whether you have more or less to lose,
Would you not guard your Country from its Foes?
H. *My Country, Sur ? I have, yo' understond,*
In aw the Country not one Inch o' Lond.
They that wood'n feight, and ha' Mon's Blood be spilt,
May if they win, but whoy mun I be kilt ?
Sir J. Your Country, Friend, is not the Ground alone;
There is the King, that sits upon the Throne;

The *Protestant Succession* lies at Stake
That bloody-minded *Papists* want to shake:
Now, you have some Religion left, I hope,
And wou'd not tamely give it to the *Pope*.

H. *He wou'd no' have it, happen, if I wou'd,*
Th' oud Mon beloike mit think his ooan as gud;
And true Religion, Sur, if I have onny,
No Mon i' th' Ward con tak it fro' me, con he?

Sir J. If you but knew, Friend *Harry*, what a Scene
Of Mischiefs happen'd in King *James's* reign;
How, but for *Orange's* immortal Prince,
The *Protestants* had all been kill'd long since;
If I should tell you——

H. *Nay, we aw, Sur* John,
Known weel enough that yo're a larnid Mon;
So was my Gronfayther, and ore his Ale
Monny a Toime has toud another Tale;
And I darr say my Gronfayther toud true;
For, lukko me, th' oud Felly wus no Foo,
Nor Rebbil noather——

Sir J. And what was't he tou'd?

H. *Whoy, moor a deeal than my Brain-pon con houd.*
It's like yo known as haoo, Sur, th' Oliverians
Cut off th' King's Hyead?

Sir J. Yes.

H. *And haoo th' Presbyterians*
Turnt aoot his Son, and maden a Rebelution.

Sir J. They did it, Man, to save the Constitution;
'Twas Churchmen, too, that brought King *William* in,
As well as they——

H. *Whoy, be they whoa they winn,*
One Egg, he sed, wus ne'er moor loike another,
Than thooas two mac o' Foke wurn loike tone tother:
They wurn at aw toimes En'mies to th' blood Royal.

And naoo woud'n ha' it that none but hom are loyal,
Haoo con that be, Sur?

Sir J. Why, I'll tell thee how——

H. *Nay, but yo connot——*

Sir J. Well, but hear me now——
Our Kings are Stewards——

H. *Sur, yo meean they wurn,*
For Things yo known, han tan another Turn;
The Stuart's *Race is——*

Sir J. Poh! Thou takes me wrong——

H. *Haoo mun I tak o' reet?*

Sir J. I say, so long
As Kings are our Protectors——

H. *Luk ye theer!*
Oud Oliver *agen——*

Sir J. Nay, prithee hear,
And keep thy Nonsense in, till I have done——

H. *Weel, weel; I'zt hear yoars first then, if I mun.*

Sir J. The People, *Harry*, when they all agree——

H. *Aw, Sur!*

Sir J. Be quiet—choose them a Trustee,
And call him King; now, if he break his Trust,
They have a Right to turn him out, and must;
Unless they would be ruin'd; dost thou think
For one Man's swimming all the rest shou'd sink?

H. *Yo lov'n a King, Sur, waintly; sink or swim,*
No Mon, I foind, is to be draoont but him.
This chozzen King mit happen draoon yo furst,
Then yo mit sink him after, an yo durst.
If Folks may tak whot Kings they han a Moind,
What Faut wi' all these Scotchmen *con yo foind?*

Sir J. Hang 'em all!—Have they not a King already,
That keeps his Contract with the People Steady?
Rebels!

H. *Whoy, ay, that's reet, for they wur byetten;*

They lost the Feight; but, haoo, if they had getten,
Wou'd yo ha' lik't it, Sur, if an Heelonder
Had toud o' Sauce for th' Goose wur Sauce for th' Gander?

Sir J. Thou'rt a sly Tyke; I'll talk with thee no more——

H. *Whoy, if yo pleeasen then, Sur, ween give ore,*
Wishing that e'ry Mon may have his Reet,
Feight as feight winn; and so, Sur John, *good Neet.*

Sir J. Thou'lt look, I find, to thy own Carcass still——

H. *Yoi, Sur, as lung as ere I con, I will.*

JOHN BYROM
[1692-1763]

Contentment, or, The Happy Workman's Song

I

I AM a poor Workman as rich as a *Jew*,
A strange sort of Tale, but however 'tis true,
Come listen a while, and I'll prove it to you
So as No-body can deny, &c.

II

I am a poor Workman, you'll easily grant,
And I'm rich as a *Jew*, for there's nothing I want,
I have Meat, Drink, and Cloaths, and am hearty and cant,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

III

I live in a Cottage, and yonder it stands,
And while I can work with these two honest Hands,
I'm as happy as they that have Houses and Lands,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

IV

I keep to my Workmanship all the day long,
I sing and I whistle, and this is my Song,
Thank God, that has made me so lusty and strong,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

V

I never am greedy of delicate Fare,
If he give me enough, tho' 'tis never so bare,
The more is his Love, and the less is my Care,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

VI

My Cloaths on a working Day looken but lean,
But when I can dress me—on Sundays, I mean,
Tho' cheap, they are warm; and tho' coarse, they are clean,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

VII

Folk cry'n out hard Times, but I never regard,
For I ne'er did, nor will set my Heart up o'th' Ward,
So 'tis all one to me, bin they easy or hard,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

VIII

I envy not them that have thousands of Pounds,
That sport o'er the Country with Horses and Hounds;
There's nought but *Contentment* can keep within bounds,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

IX

I ne'er lose my time o'er a Pipe or a Pot,
Nor cower in a Nook like a sluggardly Sot,
But I buy what is wanting with what I have got,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

X

And if I have more than I want for to spend,
I help a poor Neighbour or diligent Friend;
He that gives to the Poor, to the Lord he doth lend,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XI

I grudge not that Gentlefolk dressen so fine;
At their Gold and their Silver I never repine,
But I wish all their Guts were as hearty as mine,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XII

With Quarrels o' th' Country, and Matters of State,
With *Tories* and *Whigs*, I ne'er puzzle my Pate;
There's some that I love, and there's none that I hate,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XIII

What tho' my Condition be ever so coarse,
I strive to embrace it for better and worse,
And my Heart, I thank God, is as light as my Purse,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

XIV

In short, my Condition, whatever it be,
'Tis God that appoints it, as far as I see,
And I'm sure I can never do better than He,
Which No-body can deny, &c.

JOHN COLLIER (TIM BOBBIN)
[1708-1786]

A Sage Cato

WHEN bright Apollo's flaming car had run
The southern course, and in our climes begun

To perfect blossoms, and the budding flow'rs
To paint the fields, and form the shady bow'rs,
The distant prospects all around were seen,
To wear a curious eye-delighting green;
And school-boys stood, while sloth put on the reins,
And with cramm'd satchels sauntered in the lanes;
The younger sort would stroll about to get
The daisy, primrose, and the violet;
While *Tom* and *Will*, with eager eyes wou'd view
Each bush, and tree, from whence a linnet flew,
And every hedge did pry into, to find
The downy structure of the feather'd kind.
Such were the days when MINOS wou'd be drest
To look more aweful on a day of rest;
His sapient head he decks in perriwig
Of three-tails dangling, to look *Quorum* big;
His beaver cock'd, plain dealing-wise, he pull'd
So low his forehead in it seem'd involv'd,
But this was done, his visage more to grace,
And coup'd a third part from his pouting face;
Being cloak'd and booted, they who knew him not
Thought Hudibras o'er gloomy *Styx* had got:
And as that Knight, so he'd a squire to wait,
Whene'er he sally'd forth thro' creaking gate.
This for his outward-man; but I must strain
For to dissect his wonder-working brain;
Unless I can get *Cibber's* fawning muse,
To bathe my skull in crowning laurel-juice;
But since I've ventured the outside to scan,
I'll slightly touch upon his inward man.
(But know, my angry muse reflects not on
The tinkling cymbal for its jarring tone;
But for affecting those celestial airs,
By which the organ charms the list'ning ears.)
If speech be the true index of the mind,
And doth denote with what the head is lin'd,

We may conclude, that since his speech is clipp'd,
His moving garret is but half-equipped:
But lest a pun won't please the *wou'd-be-wise*,
His wit wants ballast, and his judgment eyes;
For nature made him without care, or art,
And left unfinish'd much the better part;
Or else in forming, tir'd with too much pain,
She nodded o'er him, and so spoil'd his brain.

* * * * *

Weary with homely food, and toils of life,
With crying children, and a scolding wife,
A weaver is resolv'd to banish sorrow,
And live to-day, let what will come to-morrow:
For who the tiresome loom can always hear,
And not regale his stomach with good cheer?
With this intent he from his loom doth start,
And asks his pockets, if they'll take his part?
And fortune favours, for they answer—Yes:
Which makes him skip, and thank his stars for this;
The Sunday-coat he o'er his singlet[1] puts,
And in high spirits to the market struts;
Where geese and ducks and chickens feast his eyes,
But only one fat goose poor shuttle buys.
And now he thinks the happy moment come,
To triumph, thro' the streets, and bear the trophy home.
But who can guard against the turns of fate?
The wench he bought the goose of, cries—a cheat!
From hence ensues a noisy, doubtful strife,
Such as was never heard 'twixt man and wife:
The gaping crowd around in parties stand!
But lo! old *Granidoodle's* just at hand!

* * * * *

[1] A woollen waistcoat undyed.

His worship hearing, could no longer bear,
But cries aloud—"What noythe, what noythe ith there?
Ith it for nought that I, the mighty I,
Do represent hith Chinethe majethty?
Or that in vain I wear, the Thowrd, and thield?. . ."
Both trembled at his voice—but first the man,
Made a respectful bow, and thus began.
"May't please your worship's honour and your glory,
I will exactly tell you all the story.
The goose I bought for twelve-pence, and paid down
In good and lawful money, half-a-crown:
But now a saucy slut my change refuses,
Demands more coin, and gives me gross abuses."
"What thay you, Woman: ith thith falth or true,
Thith fellow doth athert contherning you?"
"May't please your sov'reign lord, the king's great justice,
In whom for goose or money, all my trust is;
I wish I ne'er may see my spouse or house,
If ever I receiv'd of him a souse."
"But will you thwear thith ith the cathe? if tho,
He shall to bridewell for correctheon go."
"For God's sake hear me, Sir," the weaver cries,
"I'll swear to everything which she denies:
If I han't given her half-a-crown, then never
Let warp and weft be firmly join'd together."
"What! huththe, thirrah! he thewear, you thewear too:
If Tholomon wath here, what could he do?
The matter ith tho nithe upon my troth;
My mind inclinth me to confine you both:
But hold——
I'll toth a piethe of money up, thath fair,

Whitch thall dethide the person that mutht thewear;
But mark me well, the woman ith to chuthe,
Or head, or tail, like chanthe to win or loothe."
No sooner said, than done—both parties willing
The Justice twirls aloft a splendid shilling;
While she (ah! nature, nature!) calls for tail,
And pity 'tis, poor soul, that she shou'd fail!
But chance decrees . . .
His worship view'd with joy the royal head,
And thus in broken lisping accents said:
" By thith event we very plainly find
That Juthtith will take plathe, tho' thumtimth blind:
And had not I by providenth been here,
You two had fought it out, like dog and bear.
Here fellow—take the book—for chanth decreethe
You take the oath:—but pay me firtht my feethe:
From peril of the law you'll then be loothe:
Huththe, give him the changth, and eke the goothe:
And thuttle, for the future, let me tell ye,
You must not pamper your ungodly belly;
Geethe, duckth, and caponth, are for huth thage catothe,
Be you content with th'jannock and pottatothe."
His work thus finish'd, passing thro' the streets,
He tells the wondrous tale to all he meets;
And hugs himself for this rare action done,
Whilst all men stare, some laugh; still he goes on.
" Plain ath a pike-thstaff, 'tith, that I in pow'r,
Do King and country thervithe ev'ry hour;
And to my utmotht do good orderth keep,
Both when I am awake, and when I thleep.
O two, three, four, nay, five timth happy nathion,
When magithrath have thuch a penetrathion!

* * * * *

Thus withe men alwayth act, and I, thith day,
Have churcth and thstate pretherv'd, by quelling
thith thad fray."

JOHN COLLIER (TIM BOBBIN)
[1708-1786]

A Lancashire Wizard

IT was a little before the last *Easter* that a mixture of malice and envy between a brace of booksellers, produced two auctions at the same time in *Rochdale:* where one of the evenings, I, with other bookish fellows of my acquaintance, resolved to stay for a little refreshment after the show was over.

It happened that, among others, there drew in his chair, an ancient man with one eye, a slouched hat, and very meagre countenance. Some of the company (as usual) on coming out of the auction room, complained of the coldness of the weather. Single-peeper answered, *Cowd it is, an' ittle naw awter these six days.* I asked him how he could tell that? *Ho, weel enough* (said he) *becose ot moon's oth' cusp oth' thrid heawse to neet at ten o'clock.* Hump, said I, you understand astrology I perceive. *Eigh* (replied blinkard) *I've studit it e'er sin ir fifteen yer owd.* Why then you can calculate nativities, tell fortunes, and find lost or stolen goods? *Eigh, eigh* (said he) *I've practic'd thoose things oboon forty yer, an winnaw turn my back o nobody.*

I seeing his self sufficiency, and that he was a kind of a mungrel between fool and knave, stared at him with open mouth, as in great surprise and admiration. Ah Lord! (said I) I've often heard of such folk, but never saw any before: Why, then you're a sort of a conjuror? Here he smiled, and answered, *Eigh, I'm oft cawd so; and sometimes Prickshaw-witch.*

Prickshaw-witch! Good Lord bless us! said I, trembling—I've a little girl of about six months old, whose future I would gladly know, but for the sin of applying to such persons about it. *Sin! now, now, its no sin at aw; its naw like logic, or th' black-art, but as harmless as any art ith ward.* Very well (quoth I), if it be so, what must I give you to calculate my girl's nativity? *Ho—I con doot at ony price, between one shilling and twenty.* Nay, if that be the case, I'll have the best, though it cost me five pounds.

Thus the bargain was made, and I was to meet him the *Tuesday* following, and the party that did not appear, was to forfeit a dozen of ale. Then, after a short fit of studying and staring on the ground, he requested that what I would have known, concerning my daughter, might be given him in writing; and, in particular, the exact time of her birth; and I being a little on the slack-rope, I resolved to humour him, and immediately trumped up the following rhymes:

October th' tenth my girl was born,
Ten minutes after four i'th morn;
Brown hair, and eyes of fair complexion,
And all her limbs of good connexion.
I want to know her term of life?
If competency, without strife?
Her husband, whether good or bad?
Her first child, whether lass or lad?
These things are wanted to be known,
And you'll be paid whene'er they're shown.

I gave him the paper, and, after perusing it, he said, *I con mey rhymes, bo' naw thus fast.* So after a while the shot was paid, and we parted.

* * * * *

Sir, THIS comes to acquaint you, that if you do not pay me for the calculating your daughter's nativity, I will make use of the law to get it, and then you may expect to pay dear for your pastime: for I do

not find that ever you intend to pay me, for you have had time sufficient to pay me already the sum of five shillings. Note—If you neglect to pay me, I will send the catchpoles in a few days: all from

Your abused servant,

Geo. Clegg.

Smallshaw, die
Nov. 15, 1752.

The day following the receipt of the above, a whim came into my head to answer it in rhyme, directed, *To Mr. George Clegg, Conjurer-General would-be, of the County Palatine of* Lancaster, *at his nocturnal study at* Smallshaw.

From you, *George Clegg*, or *Prickshaw-witch*,
Or Doctor *Faustus*, choose you which;
It matters not: . . . but I've a note
By one of you three lately wrote,
Which intimates, that 'tis a crime
With conjurors to pass the time.
Besides, it makes this queer demand,
That I must pay into your hand
A crown of English money straight,
Or catchpoles soon must on me wait.
But hold, friend *George*, not quite so fast,
You'll go as far with lesser haste:
I promis'd payment, that is certain,
If you would tell my daughter's fortune;
But that 'tis done, I flat deny,
Since one half gives the rest the lie.

* * * * *

But now, good *Faustus*, tell me true,
How comes five shillings thus your due?
Was it for coming to my dwelling,
To cheat me with your fortune-telling?

As you've done many honest spouses,
By selling them your starry-houses,
Your oppositions, quartiles, trines,
Your fiery and aquatic signs;
Your speculums and nodes i'th' skies,
Cusps, aspects, and ten thousand lies.
And d'ont you in your conscience think,
Instead of fingering my chink,
That you deserve in high degree,
To mount on *Rochdale's* pillory?

* * * * *

No, no, good *Faustus*, 'twill not do,
My teeth as soon as coin for you:
And hope that this, my flat denial,
Will quickly bring it to a trial;
When I d'ont doubt to make you pay
For all your rogu'ries in this way:
A cat with nine-tails, wooden stocks,
And pillories, are for such folks ;
And sure there are some laws i'th' nation
In force against your conjuration:
Or, what deserves more simple scourging,
Your cheating folk, with lies and forging. . . .

THOMAS GRAY
[1716-1771]

Lancaster

ASCENDED the Castle hill in a fine afternoon. It takes up the higher top of the eminence on w^ch^ it stands, and is irregularly round encompassed with a deep mote: in front, towards the Town, is a magnificent Gothick Gateway, lofty and huge, the over-hanging battlements

are supported by a triple range of Corbels, the intervals pierced thro' and showing the day from above. On its top rise light watch-towers of small height. It opens below with a grand pointed arch: over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtless once containing its Founder's figure, on one side a shield of France semy-quarter'd with England, on the other the same with a label ermine for John of Gant D: of Lancaster. This opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter, being the County Gaol and full of Prisoners, both Criminals and Debtors. From this gateway the walls continue and join it to a vast square tower of great height, the lower part at least of remote antiquity; for it has small round-headed lights with plain short pillars on each side of them; there is a third tower, also square and of less dimensions—this is all the castle: near it, and but little lower, stands the Church a large and plain Gothick fabrick. The high square tower at the west end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the same style. There are no ornaments of arms, &c. &c. any where to be seen. Within it is lightsome and spacious; but not one monument of Antiquity, or piece of painted glass is left. From the Church-Yard there is an extensive sea-view (for now the tide had almost covered the sands and filled the river), and besides greatest part of Furness, I could distinguish *Peel*-Castle on the Isle of Fowdrey, wch lies off its southern extremity. The town is built on the slope, and at the foot of the Castle-hill more than twice the bigness of Auckland, with many neat buildings of white stone, but a little disorderly in their position ad libitum like Kendal. Many also extend below on the Keys by the river-side, where a number of ships were moor'd, some of them 3 mast vessels, decked out with their colours in honour of the Fair. Here is a good bridge of 4 arches over the Lune, which runs, when the tide is out, in two streams

divided by a bed of Gravel, which is not covered but in springtides. Below the town it widens to near the breadth of the Thames at London, and meets the sea at 5 or 6 miles distance to S:W:

THOMAS GRAY
[1716-1771]
The Cockler's Story

OCT: 11: [1769] Wd S:W: Clouds and Sun: warm and a fine dappled sky: crossed the river and walked over a peninsula 3 miles to the village of *Pooton*, wch stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I enquired about the danger of passing those sands) told me in his dialect a moving story; how a brother of the trade, a Cockler (as he styled him) driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his Wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the 7 mile sands, as they had frequently been used to do; for nobody in the village knew them better than the old Man did. When they were about half-way over, a thick fog rose, and as they advanced, they found the water much deeper than they expected. The old man was puzzled, he stop'd and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with. They staid a little while for him but in vain. They call'd aloud, but no reply. At last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on; she would not leave the place; she wandered about forlorn and amazed. She would not quit her horse and get into the cart with them. They determined, after much time wasted, to turn back and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old Woman was soon washed off and perish'd. The poor girls clung close to their cart, and the horse, sometimes

wading and sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found soon after (next ebb); that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them.

In the afternoon wandered about the town and by the key till it was dark. A little rain fell.

THOMAS GRAY
[1716-1771]

Hornby Castle

OCTBR 12. Wd N:E: sky gloomy, then gleams of sunshine: set out for Settle by a fine turnpike road, twenty-nine miles. Rich and beautiful enclosed country diversifyed with frequent villages and churches, very uneven ground, and on the left the river Lune winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks clothed with fine woods, thro' which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a considerable height above it; passed the park (Hon. Mr. Clifford's, a Catholick) in the most picturesque part of the way: the grounds between him and the river are indeed charming: the house is ordinary, and the Park nothing but a rocky fell scattered over with ancient hawthorns. Came to Hornby, a little town on the river Wanning, over which a handsome bridge is now in building; the Castle, in a lordly situation, attracted me, so I walked up the hill to it: first presents itself a large white ordinary Gentleman's house sash'd, behind it rises the ancient keep, built by Edward Stanley, Lord Mounteagle (inscribed Helas et quand ?) in Henry the 8ths time. It is now a shell only, tho' rafters are laid within it as for flooring. I went up a winding stone-staircase in one corner to the leads, and at the angle is a single Hexagon watch-tower,

rising some feet higher, fitted up in the taste of a modern Toot with sash-windows in gilt frames, and a stucco cupola, and on the top a vast gilt eagle, by Mr. Charteris, the present possessor. From the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round, and much wood near the Castle.

* * * * *

SAMUEL DERRICK
[1724-1769]

Liverpool in 1760.

TO THE EARL OF CORKE

Leverpoole, Aug. 2, 1760

MY LORD,

As I have, no where, met with any accurate account of this very opulent town, perhaps my endeavour to give your lordship something of that sort, may not prove disagreeable.

Leverpoole stands upon the decline of a hill, about six miles from the sea. It is washed by a broad rapid stream called the Mersee, where ships lying at anchor are quite exposed to the sudden squalls of wind, that often sweep the surface from the flat Cheshire shore on the west, or the high lands of Lancashire that overlook the town on the east; and the banks are so shallow and deceitful, that when once a ship drives there is no possibility of preserving her, if the weather prove rough, from being wrecked, even close to the town.

About three years since, a ship outward bound for America, richly laden, being badly piloted, struck and went immediately down. Her mast is still plainly to be seen; but she being effectually sucked in by the heavy sandy bottom, all attempts to weigh her up have been ineffectual.

This is the reason that so few ships anchor in the road; for the merchants endeavour to get them immediately into dock, where they lie very secure. The docks, which are three in number, have been built with vast labour and expense: they are flanked with broad commodious quays surrounded by handsome brick houses, inhabited for the most part by sea-faring people, and communicating with the town by draw-bridges and flood-gates, which a man must be wary in crossing over, as they are pretty narrow.

When the tide is full in, the bridges are drawn up, and the gates thrown open, for the passage of vessels inward and out. The corporation is now about widening the entrance to the docks, which is so narrow, that ships have sometimes run foul of each other, going out and in.

* * * * *

Leverpoole seems to be nearly as broad as it is long. The streets are narrow, but tolerably well built: the place is populous, though inferior in this respect to Bristol. Some of the houses are faced with stone, and elegantly finished.

The Exchange is a handsome square structure of gray stone, supported by arches. Being blocked up on two sides with old houses, it is so very dark, that little or no business can be transacted in it; but the merchants assemble in the street opposite to it, as they used to do before it was erected, and even an heavy shower can scarcely drive them into harbour. It was built at a great expense under the inspection of Messrs. Wood, the father and son. I need not tell your lordship that these are the celebrated architects, to whose correct taste and great genius Bath owes some of her finest ornaments and most useful improvements. In the upper part of the Exchange are noble apartments, wherein the corporation transact public business. The

court-room is remarkably handsome, large and commodious; here the mayor tries petty causes, and has power to sentence for transportation. The assembly-room, which is also upstairs, is grand, spacious, and finely illuminated: here is a meeting once a fortnight to dance and play cards; where you will find some women elegantly accomplished, and perfectly well dressed. The proceedings are regulated by a lady stiled the Queen, and she rules with very absolute power.

The play-house, which is very neat, will hold about eighty pounds. Here a company of London performers exhibit during the summer-season, and acquire a great deal of money. I saw several pieces really well done. Holland, Shuter, and Mrs. Ward, who are at the head of the business, being very industrious, and careful to please, meet with great success; not more however than they deserve. The dances are admirably executed by Grimaldi, Maranesi, and Signora Provensalla. The scenes are prettily painted, the clothes very rich, and everything carried on with amazing propriety. They play three times a week; and behind the boxes there is a table spread, in the manner of a coffee-house, with tea, coffee, wines, cakes, fruit and punch; where a woman attends to accommodate the company, on very moderate terms, with such refreshment as they may prefer.

The infirmary is neat and handsome, and here the poor are taken particular care of. Dr. Green, who is a man of learning, perfectly skilled in his profession, shewed me, in a small garden behind this house, in which he attends, a curious exotic, not unlike the common heath-fir: he called it the Frost-plant; it being covered with a shining coat, that glitters in the sun: it is cold to the touch, and dissolves under the hand.

I am,

My Lord, &c.

WILLIAM ROSCOE
[1753-1831]

Liverpool in 1777

HOW numerous now her thronging buildings rise!
What varied objects strike the wandering eyes!
Where rise yon masts her crowded navies ride,
And the broad rampire checks the beating tide;
Along the beach her spacious streets extend,
Her areas open, and her spires ascend;
In loud confusion mingled sounds arise,
The docks re-echoing with the seamen's cries,
The massy hammer sounding from afar,
The bell slow-tolling, and the rattling car;
And thundering oft the cannon's horrid roar,
In lessening echoes dies along the shore.

* * * * *

Now o'er the wondering world, her name resounds,
From northern climes, to India's distant bounds;
Where-e'er his shores the broad Atlantic laves;
Where-e'er the Baltic rolls his wintry waves;
Where-e'er the honour'd flood extends his tide,
That clasps Sicilia like a favour'd bride,
Whose waves in ages past so oft have bore
The storm of battle on the Punic shore;
Have wash'd the banks of Græcia's learned bow'rs,
And view'd at distance Rome's imperial tow'rs.
In every clime her prosperous fleets are known,
She makes the wealth of every clime her own;
Greenland for her his bulky whale resigns,
And temperate Gallia rears her generous vines;
Midst warm Iberia citron orchards blow,
And the ripe fruitage bends the labouring bough;
The Occident a richer tribute yields,

Far different produce swell their cultur'd fields;
Hence the strong cordial that inflames the brain,
The honey'd sweetness of the juicy cane,
The vegetative fleece, the azure dye,
And every product of a warmer sky.
There Afric's swarthy sons their toils repeat,
Beneath the fervors of the noontide heat;
Torn from each joy that crown'd their native soil,
No sweet reflections mitigate their toil;
From morn to eve, by vigorous hands opprest,
Dull fly their hours of every hope unblest:
Till broke with labour, helpless and forlorn,
From their weak grasp the lingering morsel torn,
The reed-built hovel's friendly shade deny'd,
The jest of folly and the scorn of pride,
Drooping beneath meridian suns they lie,
Lift the faint head, and bend th' imploring eye;
Till death in kindness from the tortur'd breast
Calls the free spirit to the realms of rest.

CONTINUATORS OF DANIEL DEFOE
[1778]

A Cavern

WE next visited a cavern, about five miles from hence [i.e. from Lancaster] near the road to *Kirkby-Lonsdale*, called *Dunald Mill-Hole*, a curiosity I think inferior to none of the kind in *Derbyshire*, which I have also seen. It is on the middle of a large common, and we were led to it by a brook, near as big as the *New River;* which, after turning a corn-mill just at the entrance of the cave, runs in at its mouth by several beautiful cascades, continuing its course two miles under a large mountain, and at last makes its appearance again near *Carnford*, a village on the road to *Kendal*. The entrance of this

subterraneous channel has something most pleasingly horrible in it; from the mill at the top you descend for about ten yards perpendicular, by means of chinks in the rocks, and shrubs or trees; the road is then almost parallel to the horizon, leading to the right, a little winding, till you have some hundreds of yards thick of rocks and mineral, above you. In this manner we proceeded, sometimes through vaults so capacious, we could not see either roofs or sides; and sometimes on all fours, from its narrowness, still following the brook, which entertained us with a sort of harmony well suiting the place; for the different height of its falls were as so many keys of music, which all being conveyed to us by the amazing echo, greatly added to the majestic horror which surrounded us. In our return we were more particular in our observations. The lakes (formed by the brook, in the hollow parts of the caverns) realise the fabulous *Styx;* and the murmuring falls from one rock to another broke the rays of our candles, so as to form the most romantic vibrations and appearances upon the variegated roof. The sides too are not less remarkable for fine colouring; the damps, the creeping vegetables, and the seams in the marble, and limestone parts of the rocks, make as many tints as are seen in the rainbow, and are covered with a perpetual varnish from the just weeping springs that trickle from the roof.

TRADITIONAL

[XVIIITH CENTURY?]

Hornby Park Mistress and Margaret Brackin

IN days that oud folk tell on still,
  Meg Brackin went up Windy Bank;
Shou lated kinlin' on the hill,
  Till owr t' Lake Mountains t' sun it sank.

Nat lang at efter t'sun was set,
And shou hed fill'd her brat wi' sticks,
Shou sid aside at t' Park wood yett,
A woman stan'in mang the wicks.

T' leaves on't trees, they owm'ered t'land,
And fadin' was the summer light,
When Marget sid that woman stand
Donn'd like a ghoost o' oor i' white.

Marget was fear'd, but spak and ex'd,
'Hey Missis! let me gang wi' ye,
I hope as that ye'll nut be vext,
But it is gitten dark and dree.'

T'Park Mistress' e'en shin'd o' wi' leet;
Shou whyatly cam te Marget's side;
T'gerss didn't bend underneath her feet;
Shou seem'd in t'air te float and glide.

As soon's shou cam whare Marget stood,
Shou gript a tight houd on her hand;
Shou led her first intul t'Park wood,
Then back and forret o' owr t'land.

They kept na road, they kept na path,
They went thro' brackins, scrogs and briar,
Marget shou soon was out of breath
But t'lady didn't seem te tire.

They baath com down te Wenning's brink,
And Marget's throat was dry wi' dread,
But shou dursn't ex te stop and drink,
Saa forret still that woman led.

Owr shillar and rough staans they trod,
Intu t'Wenning, then out fra t'stream;
Surlie their walkin' wasn't snod,
T'way they travell'd was naan saa weam.

Marget lous'd t'strings of her brat,
And trail'd it gerss and bushes through,
Till deg'd and damp and wet it gat;
Then suck'd it out for t' cooling dew.

Fra Weaver's Ayr they went up t' wood,
Now gaain straight and then aslant,
They niver stopt, they niver stood,
But raac'd up t'brow saa rough and brant.

Marget could niver gradely say
Where nesht wi' t'ghoost shou went that neet;
On Windy Bank, when it was day,
They fun' her liggin, spent wi' freet.

Marget hed been stout and throddy,
But t'walk she tuk that summer neet,
Left lile fatness on her body;
At efter shou was thin and leet.

WILLIAM GILPIN
[1724-1804]

The Lune

AT a mile's distance Lancaster-castle rises to view. It's lofty situation, it's many towers, and extensive buildings (for it is connected with the church) give an air of grandeur to it's appearance: but as the parts are neither well shaped, nor well combined, it is but an indifferent object from any point. On the spot, the most beautiful part is the front; which, with it's other grand appendages, afford sufficient matter for the curiosity of an antiquarian.

On the other side of the town the river Lune, which is a noble piece of water, when the tide is full, sufficiently adorns the landscape.

But here the Lune is a busy, noisy scene, banked with quays; covered with shipping; and resounding with nautic clamour. Far otherwise is it's passage, a few miles above, through the vale of Lonsdale; where quietly, and unobserved, it winds around projecting rocks—forms circling boundaries to meadows, pastured with cattle—and passes through groves and thickets, which, in fabulous times, might have been the haunt of wood-gods. In one part, taking a sudden turn, it circles a little, delicious spot, forming it into a peninsula, called vulgarly, *the wheel of Lune*. Here once dwelt an ancient hermit; where his eyes saw nothing, nor wished to see any thing, except the sweet vale in which he lived.

ANN RADCLIFFE
[1764-1823]

First View of Lancashire: Manchester

TOWARDS sun-set, from a hill in Cheshire, we had a vast view over part of that county and nearly all Lancashire, a scene of fertile plains and gentle heights, till some broad and towering mountains, at an immense distance, were but uncertainly distinguished from the clouds. Soon after, the cheerful populousness of the rich towns and villages in Lancashire supplied objects for attention of a different character; Stockport first, crowded with buildings and people, as much so as some of the busiest quarters in London, with large blazing fires in every house, by the light of which women were frequently spinning, and manufacturers issuing from their workshops and filling the steep streets, which the chaise rolled down with dangerous rapidity; then an almost continued street of villages to Manchester, some miles before which the road was busy with passengers

and carriages, as well as bordered by handsome country houses; and, finally for this day, Manchester itself; a second London; enormous to those who have not seen the first, almost tumultuous with business, and yet well proved to afford the necessary peacefulness to science, letters and taste. And not only for itself may Manchester be an object of admiration, but for the contrast of its useful profits to the wealth of a neighbouring place, immersed in the dreadful guilt of the Slave Trade, with the continuance of which to believe national prosperity compatible, is to hope, that the actions of nations pass unseen before the Almighty, or to suppose extenuation of crimes by increase of criminality, and that the eternal laws of right and truth, which smite the wickedness of individuals, are too weak to struggle with the accumulated and comprehensive guilt of a national participation in robbery, cruelty and murder.

ANN RADCLIFFE
[1764-1823]

Thurston Lake (Coniston)

THIS lake appeared to us one of the most charming we had seen. From the sublime mountains, which bend round its head, the heights, on either side, decline towards the south into waving hills, that form its shores, and often stretch in long sweeping points into the water, generally covered with tufted wood, but sometimes with the tender verdure of pasturage. The tops of these woods were just embrowned with autumn, and contrasted well with other slopes, rough and heathy, that rose above, or fell beside them to the water's brink, and added force to the colouring, which the reddish tints of decaying fern, the purple bloom of heath, and the bright golden gleams of broom,

spread over these elegant banks. Their hues, the graceful undulations of the marginal hills and bays, the richness of the woods, the solemnity of the northern fells and the deep repose, that pervades the scene, where only now and then a white cottage or a farm lurks among the trees, are circumstances, which render Thurston-lake one of the most interesting, and, perhaps, the most beautiful of any in the country.

* * * * *

At Nibthwaite, the lake becomes narrow and gradually decreases till it terminates at Lowick-bridge, where it glides away in the little river Crake, which descends to Ulverston sands. We stopped upon the bridge to take a last view of the scene; the distant fells were disappearing in twilight, but the gray lake gleamed at their base. From the steeps of a lofty mountain, that rose near us on the right, cattle were slowly descending for the night, winding among the crags, sometimes stopping to crop the heath, or broom, and then disappearing for a moment behind the darker verdure of yews, that grew in knots upon the cliffs.

ANN RADCLIFFE
[1764-1823]

From Ulverston to Lancaster

FROM the Abbey [Furness] we returned to Ulverston, and from thence crossed the sands to Lancaster, a ride singularly interesting and sublime. From the Carters' house, which stands on the edge of the Ulverston sands, and at the point, whence passengers enter them, to Lancaster, within the furthest opposite shore, is fifteen miles. This noble bay is interrupted by the peninsula of Cartmel, extending a line of white rocky coast, that divides

the Leven and Ulverston sands from those of Lancaster. The former are four miles over; the latter seven.

We took the early part of the tide, and entered these vast and desolate plains before the sea had entirely left them, or the morning mists were sufficiently dissipated to allow a view of distant objects; but the grand sweep of the coast could be faintly traced, on the left, and a vast waste of sand stretching far below it, with mingled streaks of gray water, that heightened its dreary aspect. The tide was ebbing fast from our wheels, and its low murmur was interrupted, first, only by the shrill small cry of seagulls, unseen, whose hovering flight could be traced by the sound, near an island that began to dawn through the mist; and then, by the hoarser croaking of sea-geese, which took a wider range, for their shifting voices were heard from various quarters of the surrounding coast. The body of the sea, on the right, was still involved, and the distant mountains on our left, that crown the bay, were also viewless; but it was sublimely interesting to watch the heavy vapours beginning to move, then rolling in lengthening volumes over the scene, and, as they gradually dissipated, discovering through their veil the various objects they had concealed—fishermen with carts and nets stealing along the margin of the tide, little boats putting off from the shore, and the view still enlarging as the vapours expanded, the main sea itself softening into the horizon, with here and there a dim sail moving in the hazy distance. The wide desolation of the sands, on the left, was animated only by some horsemen riding remotely in groups towards Lancaster, along the winding edge of the water, and by a muscle-fisher in his cart trying to ford the channel we were approaching.

The coast round the bay was now distinctly, though remotely, seen, rising in woods, white cliffs and culti-

vated slopes towards the mountains of Furness, on whose dark brows the vapours hovered. The shore falls into frequent recesses and juts out in promontories, where villages and country seats are thickly strewn. Among the latter, Holker-Hall, deep among woods, stands in the north. The village and hall of Bardsea, once the site of a monastery, with a rocky background and, in front, meadows falling towards the water; and Conishead priory, with its spiry woods, the paragon of beauty, lie along the western coast, where the hills, swelling gently from the isle of Walney, nearly the last point of land visible on that side the bay, and extending to the north, sweep upwards towards the fells of High Furness and the whole assemblage of Westmoreland mountains, that crown the grand boundary of this arm of the sea.

We set out rather earlier than was necessary, for the benefit of the guide over part of these trackless wastes, who was going to his station on a sand near the first ford, where he remains to conduct passengers across the united streams of the rivers Crake and Leven, till the returning tide washes him off. He is punctual to the spot as the tides themselves, where he shivers in the dark comfortless midnights of winter, and is scorched on the shadeless sands, under the noons of summer, for a stipend of ten pounds a year! and he said that he had fulfilled the office for thirty years. He has, however, perquisites occasionally from the passengers. In early times the Prior of Conishead, who established the guide, paid him with three acres of land and an annuity of fifteen marks; at the dissolution, Henry the Eighth charged himself and his successors with the payment of the guide by patent.

Near the first ford is Chapel Isle, on the right from Ulverston, a barren sand, where are yet some remains of a chapel, built by the monks of Furness, in which

divine service was daily performed at a certain hour, for passengers, who crossed the sands with the morning tide. The ford is not thought dangerous, though the sands frequently shift, for the guide regularly tries for, and ascertains, the proper passage. The stream is broad and of formidable appearance, spreading rapidly among the sands and, when you enter it, seeming to bear you away in its course to the sea. The second ford is beyond the peninsula of Cartmel, on the Lancaster sands, and is formed by the accumulated waters of the rivers, Ken and Winster, where another guide waits to receive the traveller.

The shores of the Lancaster sands fall back to greater distance and are not so bold, or the mountains beyond so awful, as those of Ulverston; but they are various, often beautiful, and Arnside-fells have a higher character. The town and castle of Lancaster, on an eminence, gleaming afar off over the level sands and backed by a dark ridge of rocky heights, look well as you approach them. Thither we returned and concluded a tour, which had afforded infinite delight in the grandeur of its landscapes and a reconciling view of human nature in the simplicity, integrity, and friendly disposition of the inhabitants.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
[1770-1850]

At Hawkshead

I COULD record with no reluctant voice
The woods of autumn, and their hazel bowers
With milk-white clusters hung; the rod and line,
True symbol of hope's foolishness, whose strong
And unreproved enchantment led us on
By rocks and pools shut out from every star,
All the green summer, to forlorn cascades
Among the windings hid of mountain brooks.

—Unfading recollections! at this hour
The heart is almost mine with which I felt,
From some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
The paper kite high among fleecy clouds
Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser;
Or, from the meadows sent on gusty days,
Beheld her breast the wind, then suddenly
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm.
Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,
A ministration of your own was yours;
Can I forget you, being as you were
So beautiful among the pleasant fields
In which ye stood? or can I here forget
The plain and seemly countenance with which
Ye dealt out your plain comforts? Yet had ye
Delights and exultations of your own.
Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-fire
At evening, . . .
. . . Meanwhile abroad
Incessant rain was failling, or the frost
Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth;
And interrupting oft that eager game,
From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice
The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,
Gave out to meadow-grounds and hills a loud
Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves
Howling in troops along the Bothnic Main.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
[1770-1850]

Esthwaite Water: the unclaimed garments

WELL do I call to mind the very week
When I was first intrusted to the care

Of that sweet Valley; when its paths, its shores,
And brooks were like a dream of novelty
To my half-infant thoughts; that very week,
While I was roving up and down alone,
Seeking I know not what, I chanced to cross
One of those open fields, which, shaped like ears,
Make green peninsulas on Esthwaite's Lake:
Twilight was coming on, yet through the gloom
Appeared distinctly on the opposite shore
A heap of garments, as if left by one
Who might have there been bathing. Long I watched,
But no one owned them; meanwhile the calm lake
Grew dark with all the shadows on its breast,
And now and then, a fish up-leaping snapped
The breathless stillness. The succeeding day,
Those unclaimed garments telling a plain tale
Drew to the spot an anxious crowd; some looked
In passive expectation from the shore,
While from a boat others hung o'er the deep,
Sounding with grappling irons and long poles.
At last, the dead man, 'mid that beauteous scene
Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre shape
Of terror; yet no soul-debasing fear,
Young as I was, a child not nine years old,
Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
Such sights before, among the shining streams
Of faery land, the forest of romance.
Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle
With decoration of ideal grace;
A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
[1770-1850]

Furness Abbey

BUT now to school
From the half-yearly holidays returned,
We came with weightier purses, that sufficed
To furnish treats more costly than the Dame
Of the old grey stone, from her scant board, supplied.
Hence rustic dinners on the cool green ground,
Or in the woods, or by a river's side
Or shady fountain's, while among the leaves
Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-day sun
Unfelt shone brightly round us in our joy.
Nor is my aim neglected if I tell
How sometimes, in the length of those half-years,
We from our funds drew largely;—proud to curb,
And eager to spur on, the galloping steed;
And with the courteous inn-keeper, whose stud
Supplied our want, we haply might employ
Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bound
Were distant; some famed temple where of yore
The Druids worshipped, or the antique walls
Of that large abbey, where within the vale
Of Nightshade, to St. Mary's honour built,
Stands yet a mouldering pile with fractured arch,
Belfry, and images, and living trees;
A holy scene!—Along the smooth green turf
Our horses grazed. To more than inland peace,
Left by the west wind sweeping overhead
From a tumultuous ocean, trees and towers
In that sequestered valley may be seen,
Both silent and both motionless alike;
Such the deep shelter that is there, and such
The safeguard for repose and quietness.

Our steeds remounted and the summons given,
With whip and spur we through the chantry flew
In uncouth race, and left the cross-legged knight,
And the stone-abbot, and that single wren
Which one day sang so sweetly in the nave
Of the old church, that—though from recent showers
The earth was comfortless, and touched by faint
Internal breezes, sobbings of the place
And respirations, from the roofless walls
The shuddering ivy dripped large drops—yet still
So sweetly 'mid the gloom the invisible bird
Sang to herself, that there I could have made
My dwelling-place, and lived for ever there
To hear such music. Through the walls we flew
And down the valley, and, a circuit made
In wantonness of heart, through rough and smooth
We scampered homewards. Oh, ye rocks and streams
And that still spirit shed from evening air!
Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt
Your presence, when with slackened step we breathed
Along the sides of the steep hills, or when
Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the sea
We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
[1770-1850]

Windermere and Hawkshead

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when quickening steps
Followed each other till a dreary moor
Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon whose top
Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,

I overlooked the bed of Windermere,
Like a vast river, stretching in the sun.
With exultation, at my feet I saw
Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,
A universe of Nature's fairest forms
Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst,
Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.
I bounded down the hill shouting amain
For the old Ferryman; to the shout the rocks
Replied, and when the Charon of the flood
Had staid his oars, and touched the jutting pier,
I did not step into the well-known boat
Without a cordial greeting. Thence with speed
Up the familiar hill I took my way
Towards that sweet Valley where I had been reared;
'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering round
I saw the snow-white church upon her hill
Sit like a throned Lady, sending out
A gracious look all over her domain.
Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking town;
With eager footsteps I advance and reach
The cottage threshold where my journey closed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
[1770-1850]

The River Duddon

(v)

SOLE listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound—
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade
For Thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;

And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey;
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer's day,
Thy pleased associates:—light as endless May
On infant bosoms lovely Nature lies.

The Stepping-Stones

(IX)

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding—still succeeding! Here the Child
Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof; and here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

The Plain of Donnerdale

(XX)

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,
Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains
Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery plains;
The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,
Transferred to bowers imperishably green,
Had beautified Elysium! But these chains
Will soon be broken;—a rough course remains,

Rough as the past; where Thou, of placid mien,
Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,
And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
Shalt change thy temper; and with many a shock
Given and received in mutual jeopardy,
Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,
Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

(XXXII)

Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep;
Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands
Held; but in radiant progress toward the Deep
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink, and forget their nature—*now* expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
Is opened round him:—hamlets, towers, and towns
And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar;
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With commerce freighted, or triumphant war.

After-Thought

(XXXIV)

I THOUGHT of thee, my partner and my guide
As being past away.—Vain sympathies!
For backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide;
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide;
The Form remains, the Function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!

Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

The Approach to the Duddon

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, toward the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favourable station, a rude footbridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the way-side. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter: in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere,

have given a sanctity to the humble works of man, that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladsomeness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house, exchanging "good-morrows" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; *then*, he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon, is a view upwards, into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale.

WILLIAM COMBE
[1741-1823]

Doctor Syntax on 'Change

AND now, with spirits fresh and gay,
To the Exchange he took his way,
To try in this commercial town
A little commerce of his own.
Th' Exchange soon met his wond'ring sight;
The structure fill'd him with delight.
" Such are the fruits of trading knowledge!
" Learning, he cried, builds no such college;
" Indeed, I entertain a notion
" (I speak the thought with true devotion),
" Tho' we in holy Scripture read
" That Tyre and Sidon did exceed
" In wealth the cities of the world,
" Where ships their wand'ring sails unfurl'd;
" That e'en her merchants bore the bell
" In eating and in drinking well;
" Were richer than the lordly great,
" And vy'd with princes in their state;
" Yet, with all their power and rule,
" I think that they ne'er went to school
" In such a 'Change as Liverpool."
He enter'd now—and heard within
The crowded mart—a buzzing din--
A sound confus'd—the serenade
Of ardent gain and busy trade:
At length his penetrating eye
Was thrown about him, to descry
Someone in whose sleek smiling face
He could the lines of kindness trace:
And soon a person he address'd,

Whose paunch projected from his breast;
Who, looking with good-humour fraught,
Appear'd the very man he sought:
When, with an unassuming grace,
To him he thus disclos'd his case:—
" I beg this paper you'll peruse;
" And then, perhaps, you'll not refuse
" The favour which I ask to grant,
" And give the money that I want;
" The draft is good—and, on my word,
" It was a present from a Lord."

MERCHANT

" That may be true: but Lords, I fear
" Will meet but little credit here:
" 'Tis a fair draft upon the view—
" Yes; he's a lord—but who are you? "

SYNTAX

" Look, and an honest-man you'll see—
" A Doctor in Divinity,
" Whose words' his bond; nor e'er was known
" To do a deed he would not own."

MERCHANT

" I've nought to say—all this may be—
" But have you no security?
" Pray, Doctor, can't you find a friend
" To answer for what you pretend? "

SYNTAX

" That I have none: I am not known
" Within the precincts of this town."

MERCHANT

" And do you come to Liverpool
" To find a poor good-natur'd fool?

" With all your learning and your worth,
" Pray have you travell'd so far north,
" To think we have so little wit,
" As by such biters to be bit?
" To learning we make no pretence:
" But, Doctor, we have common sense.
" For learned men we do not seek:
" And if I may with freedom speak,
" I take you for a very *Greek*."

SYNTAX

" To know the Greek I do profess—
" 'Tis my delight and happiness;
" And Homer's page I oft have read,
" Thro' the long night, with aching head, . . .

MERCHANT

" Then go to Homer, if you will,
" And see if he'll discount your bill.
" But the clock strikes—Good-bye, old sinner!
" 'Tis time for me to go to dinner."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT
[1781-1849]

Preston Mills

THE day was fair, the cannon roar'd,
Cold blew the bracing north
And Preston's Mills, by thousands, poured
Their little captives forth.

All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free;

And sung a song with voices sweet—
They sung of Liberty!

But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like " death-in-life " they smiled;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
Alas! is that a child?

Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
Marched with them, side by side:
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide.

Thousands and thousands—all so white!—
With eyes so glazed and dull!
O God! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful!

And oh, the pang their voices gave
Refuses to depart!
This is a wailing for the grave!
I whisper'd to my heart.

It was as if, where roses blushed,
A sudden blasting gale,
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
And turned the roses pale.

It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung;
And every linnet mourned its love,
And every thrush its young.

It was as if, in dungeon gloom,
Where chain'd despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymned the passing wind.

And while they sang, and though they smiled
My soul groaned heavily—
O who would be or have a child?
A mother who would be?

THOMAS DE QUINCEY
[1785-1859]

The Manchester and Glasgow Mail

THROUGHOUT the second stage he [the coachman] grew more and more drowsy. In the second mile of the third stage he surrendered himself finally and without a struggle to his perilous temptation. All his past resistance had but deepened the weight of this final oppression. Seven atmospheres of sleep rested upon him; and to consummate the case, our worthy guard, after singing "Love among the Roses" for perhaps thirty times, without invitation and without applause, had in revenge moodily resigned himself to slumber—not so deep, doubtless, as the coachman's, but deep enough for mischief. And thus at last, about ten miles from Preston, it came about that I found myself left in charge of his Majesty's London and Glasgow mail, then running at the least twelve miles an hour.

What made this negligence less criminal than else it must have been thought was the condition of the roads at night during the assizes. At that time, all the law business of populous Liverpool, and also of populous Manchester, with its vast cincture of populous rural districts, was called up by ancient usage to the tribunal of Lilliputian Lancaster. . . . As things were at present, twice in the year so vast a body of business rolled northwards from the southern quarter of the

county that for a fortnight at least it occupied the severe exertions of two judges in its despatch. The consequence of this was that every horse available for such a service, along the whole line of road, was exhausted in carrying down the multitudes of people who were parties to the different suits. By sunset, therefore, it usually happened that, through utter exhaustion amongst men and horses, the road sank into profound silence. Except the exhaustion in the vast adjacent county of York from a contested election, no such silence succeeding to no such fiery uproar was ever witnessed in England.

On this occasion the usual silence and solitude prevailed along the road. Not a hoof nor a wheel was to be heard. And, to strengthen this false luxurious confidence in the noiseless roads it happened also that the night was one of peculiar solemnity and peace. For my own part, though slightly alive to the possibilities of peril, I had so far yielded to the influence of the mighty calm as to sink into a profound reverie. The month was August; in the middle of which lay my own birthday—a festival to every thoughtful man suggesting solemn and often sigh-born thoughts. The county was my own native county—upon which, in its southern section, more than upon any equal area known to man past or present, had descended the original curse of labour in its heaviest form, not mastering the bodies only of men, as of slaves, or criminals in mines, but working through the fiery will. Upon no equal space of earth was, or ever had been, the same energy of human power put forth daily. At this particular season also of the assizes, that dreadful hurricane of flight and pursuit, as it might have seemed to a stranger, which swept to and from Lancaster all day long, hunting the county up and down, and regularly subsiding back into silence about sunset, could

not fail (when united with this permanent distinction of Lancashire as the very metropolis and citadel of labour) to point the thoughts pathetically upon that counter-vision of rest, of saintly repose from strife and sorrow, towards which, as to their secret haven, the profounder aspirations of man's heart are in solitude continually travelling. Obliquely upon our left we were nearing the sea; which also must, under the present circumstances, be repeating the general state of halcyon repose. The sea, the atmosphere, the light, bore each an orchestral part in this universal lull. Moonlight and the first timid tremblings of the dawn were by this time blending; and the blendings were brought into a still more exquisite state of unity by a slight silvery mist, motionless and dreamy, that covered the woods and fields, but with a veil of equable transparency. Except the feet of our own horses,—which, running on a sandy margin of the road, made but little disturbance,—there was no sound abroad. In the clouds and on the earth prevailed the same majestic peace; and in spite of all that the villain of a schoolmaster has done for the ruin of our sublimer thoughts, which are the thoughts of our infancy, we still believe in no such nonsense as a limited atmosphere. Whatever we may swear with our false feigning lips, in our faithful hearts we still believe, and must for ever believe, in fields of air traversing the total gulf between earth and the central heavens. Still, in the confidence of children that tread without fear *every* chamber in their father's house, and to whom no door is closed, we, in that Sabbatic vision which sometimes is revealed for an hour upon nights like this, ascend with easy steps from the sorrow-stricken fields of earth upwards to the sandals of God.

Suddenly, from thoughts like these, I was awakened to a sullen sound, as of some motion on the distant road.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY
[1785-1859]

A Fire at Liverpool

SOME four years before this event,[1] a prodigious fire occurred at Liverpool: the *Goree*, a vast pile of warehouses close to one of the docks, was burned to the ground. The huge edifice, eight or nine stories high, and laden with most combustible goods,—many thousand bales of cotton, wheat and oats in thousands of quarters, tar, turpentine, rum, gunpowder, &c.,—continued through many hours of darkness to feed this tremendous fire. To aggravate the calamity, it blew a regular gale of wind; luckily for the shipping, it blew inland,—that is to the east; and all the way down to Warrington, eighteen miles distant to the eastward, the whole air was illuminated by flakes of cotton, often saturated with rum, and by what seemed absolute worlds of blazing sparks, that lighted up all the upper chambers of the air. All the cattle lying abroad in the fields through a breadth of eighteen miles were thrown into terror and agitation. Men, of course, read in this hurrying overhead of scintillating and blazing vortices the annunciation of some gigantic calamity going on in Liverpool; and the lamentation on that account was universal. But that mood of public sympathy did not at all interfere to suppress or even to check the momentary bursts of rapturous admiration, as this arrowy sleet of many-coloured fire rode on the wings of hurricane, alternately through open depths of air or through dark clouds overhead.

[1] The burning of Drury Lane Theatre, February 24, 1809.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY
[1785-1859]

'*A Mystic Privilege*'

MY plan originally had been to travel northwards—viz. to the region of the English Lakes. That little mountainous district, lying stretched like a pavilion between four well-known points,—viz. the small towns of Ulverstone and Penrith as its two poles, south and north; between Kendal, again, on the east, and Egremont on the west,—measuring on the one diameter about forty miles, and on the other perhaps thirty-five—had for me a secret fascination, subtle, sweet, fantastic, and even from my seventh or eighth year spiritually strong. The southern section of that district, about eighteen or twenty miles long, which bears the name of Furness, figures in the eccentric geography of English law as a section of Lancashire, though separated from that county by the estuary of Morecambe Bay: and therefore, as Lancashire happened to be my own native county, I had from childhood, on the strength of this mere legal fiction, cherished as a mystic privilege, slender as a filament of air, some fraction of denizenship in the fairy little domain of the English lakes. The major part of these lakes lies in Westmoreland and Cumberland; but the sweet reposing little water of Esthwaite, with its few emerald fields, and the grander one of Coniston, with the sublime cluster of mountain groups, and the little net-work of quiet dells lurking about its head all the way back to Grasmere, lie in or near the upper chamber of Furness; and all these, together with the ruins of the once glorious abbey, had been brought out not many years before into sunny

splendour by the great enchantress of that generation—Anne Radcliffe.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY
[1785-1859]

Hawkshead Grammar School

THE school discipline was not by many evidences very strict; the mode of living out of school very much resembled that of Eton for Oppidans; less elegant, no doubt, and less costly in its provisions for accommodation, but not less comfortable, and, in that part of the arrangements which was chiefly Etonian, even more so; for in both places the boys, instead of being gathered into one fold, and at night into one or two huge dormitories, were distributed amongst motherly old "dames," technically so called at Eton, but not at Hawkshead. In the latter place, agreeably to the inferior scale of the whole establishment, the houses were smaller, and more cottage-like, consequently more like private households: and the old lady of the *ménage* was more constantly amongst them, providing, with maternal tenderness and with a professional pride, for the comfort of her young flock, and protecting the weak from oppression. The humble cares to which these poor matrons dedicated themselves may be collected from several allusions scattered through the poems of Wordsworth; that entitled "Nutting," for instance, in which his own early Spinosistic feeling is introduced, of a mysterious presence diffused through the solitudes of the woods, a presence that was disturbed by the intrusion of careless and noisy outrage, and which is brought into a strong relief by the previous homely picture of the old housewife

equipping her young charge with beggar's weeds, in order to prepare him for a struggle with thorns and brambles. Indeed, not only the moderate rank of the boys, and the peculiar kind of relation assumed by these matrons, equally suggested this humble class of motherly attentions, but the whole spirit of the place and neighbourhood was favourable to an old English homeliness of domestic and personal economy.

SAMUEL BAMFORD
[1788-1872]

The Wild Rider

(A Legendary Tale)

PART FIRST

NOW unto fair Alkrington tidings there came,
And the gallant young knight he soon heard of the same,
That a gentle young damsel had passed that morn,
And was gone up a hunting with hound and with horn;
" And oh! " said Sir Ashton, " if that be the case,
Methinks I would fain join the maid in the chase,
And so bid my groom-boy, withouten delay,
Bring forth my white hunter, I'll ride her to-day."

And soon his white hunter was led to the gate,
Where, neighing and pacing, she scarcely would wait;
She champ'd the steel bit, and she flung her head high,
As if she would fain snuff the air of the sky,
And wist not to breathe the low wind of the plain,
Which spread like a white cloud her tail and her mane;
" And oh! " thought the knight, as he view'd her with pride,
" The game should be love when my Arab I ride."

The knight he rode south, over Blakeley's high land,
But tidings he heard not of maid or her band;
The knight he rode east, towards the uprising sun,
But the broad heaths of Moston lay silent and dun;
And then he sped north, but she did not appear;
The cry of the hunter came not to his ear,
Till o'er lonely Syddall awoke a far strain,
And he rode till he join'd the fair maid and her train.

And who was the maiden that plumed so gay,
Went forth with the hounds and good hunters that day?
And why did the damsel make slight of all heed,
Or whither she went with her hound and her steed?
And why reck'd she little of all that gay band,
But still cast her long-looking gaze o'er the land;
And smiled not, though often she turned and sigh'd,
Till a snowy-white courser afar she espied?

Sweet Mary, twin rose of the Assheton line,
Was she who came forth like a Dian divine;
And often the knight and the damsel, of late,
Had met at the hunting, through love or through fate;
And now she bade welcome with maidenly pride—
The knight waved his hand and rode on by her side;
But ere the old woodlands of Bowlee were cross'd,
Both knight and fair maid to the hunters were lost.

For there, while the chase hurries on like the wind,
The twain of young lovers have tarried behind;
And leaving their steeds, the deep woodlands they pace,
His arm round the maid, and his looks on her face;
He whispers sweet words from his heart's inmost core,
He would love her through life and through death,—
could he more?
And fondly, in tears, she emplighteth her vow,
" In life and in death I'll be faithful as thou! "

PART SECOND

Now unto fair Alkrington tidings there came,
And soon was the knight made aware of the same,
That Mary, his loved one, was held in deep thrall,
Close bolted and barr'd, down at Middleton Hall;
And that her old father had sworn by his life,
His daughter should ne'er to Sir Ashton be wife;
And that one Sir Morden, a knight from South-land,
Had come down to claim Lady Mary's fair hand.

Oh! woe unto true love, when kindred severe
Would stifle affection and chill its warm tear!
And woe unto true love, when trials come fast,
And friendship is found but a shadow at last!
And woe to the heart that is reft of its own,
And bidden to languish in sorrow alone!
But woe beyond weeping is that when we prove
That one we love dearly hath ceased to love!

Thus mournful the fate of the maid did appear;
Her sire, though he loved her, was stern and austere,
And friends who came round her when bright was her day,
Were silent, or doubtful, or kept quite away.
But Hope, like an angel, bright visions still drew,
And pictured her knight ever constant and true,
Till one came and told her he'd ta'en him a bride;—
Her young heart then wither'd, her tears were all dried.

How sweet is the music of wedding-day bells,
On sunny bright uplands, and down the green dells;
All gaily melodious it comes in the air,
As if undying pleasure were carolling there;
Like golden-wing'd seraphs all broken astray,
And playing on cymbals for bright holiday!
E'en such was the music one gay morning time,
Which the bells of St. Leonards did merrily chime.

And why rang St. Leonards that merry-mad tune?
And why was the church path with flowers bestrewn?
And who was that marble-pale beauty that moved
As nothing she hoped for, and nothing she loved—
Who gave her white hand, but 'twas clammy and cold?
Who sigh'd when she look'd on her ring of bright gold?
O Mary! lost Mary! where now is thy vow,
" In life and in death I'll be faithful as thou? "

PART THIRD

In a ruinous cottage, at Cambeshire barn,
An old wither'd crone sat unravelling yarn;
A few heaped embers lay dusty and white;
A lamp, green and fetid, cast ominous light;
A cat strangely bark'd, as it hutch'd by the hob;
A broody hen crow'd from her perch on a cob;
The lamp it burn'd pale, and the lamp it burn'd blue
And fearfully ghast was the light which it threw.

" And who cometh here? " said the mumbling old crone,
" And why comes a gentleman riding alone?
And why doth he wander areawt such a night,
When the moon is gone down and the stars not alight;
When those are abroad would stab a lost child,
And the wind comes up muttering, fearful and wild,
And the hen 'gins to crow, and the dog 'gins to mew,
And my grave-fatted lamp glimmers dimly and blue?

" When the dog 'gins to mew, and the cat 'gins to bark,
And yon musty old skull snaps its teeth in the dark,
And the toad and the urchin crawl in from the moor,
And the frightful black adder creeps under the door,
And the hapless self-murder'd, that died in her sin,
Comes haunting the house with her dolorous din,
And stands in the nook like an image of clay,
With the sad look she wore when her life pass'd away."

A knocking was heard at the old hovel door,
And forth stepp'd a dark muffled man on the floor;
He threw back his mantle of many a fold,
And he cross'd the wan palm of the sybil with gold.
"Now Sir Knight of Alkrington, what wouldst thou know,
That, seeking my home, thou entreatest me so?
The world-sweeping mower thy heart-wound must cure,
But she who lies mourning hath more to endure!

"But warning I give thee, a sign from afar—
There's a cloud on thy sun, there's a spot on thy star.
Go, climb the wild mountain, or toil on the plain,
Or be outcast on land, or be wreck'd on the main,
Or seek the red battle, and dare the death-wound,
Or mine after treasure a mile underground;
For, sleeping or waking, on ocean or strand,
Thy life is prolong'd, if thou hold thine own hand."

What further was said 'twixt the knight and the crone,
Was never repeated, and never was known;
But when he came back, to remount him again,
One, fearful and dark, held his stirrup and rein—
His horse, terror-shaking, stood cover'd with foam;
It ran with him miles ere he turn'd it towards home;
The gray morning broke, and the battle-cock crew,
Ere the lorn-hearted knight to his chamber withdrew.

PART FOURTH

And who hath not heard how the knight from that day,
Was alter'd in look, and unwont in his way;
And how he sought wonders of every form,
And things of all lands, from a gem to a worm;
And how he divided his father's domain,
And sold many parts, to the purchasers' gain;
And how his poor neighbours with pity were sad,
And said, Good Sir Ashton, through love, was gone mad?

But strangest of all, on that woe-wedding night,
A black horse was stabled where erst stood the white;
The grooms, when they fed him, in terror quick fled,
His breath was hot smoke, and his eyes burning red;
He beat down a strong wall of mortar and crag;
He tore his oak stall, as a dog would a rag,
And no one durst put forth a hand near that steed,
Till a priest had read ave, and pater, and creed.

And then he came forth, the strange, beautiful thing,
With speed that could lead a wild eagle on wing;
And raven had never spread plume on the air,
Whose lustreful darkness with his might compare.
He bore the young Ashton—none else could him ride—
O'er flood and o'er fell, and o'er quarry-pit wide;
The housewife she bless'd her, and held fast her child,
And the men swore both horse and his rider were wild.

And then, when the knight to the hunting-field came,
He rode as he sought rather death than his game;
He hallooed through woods where he'd wander'd of yore,
But the lost Lady Mary he never saw more!
And no one durst ride in the track where he led,
So fearful his leaps, and so madly he sped;
And in his wild frenzy he gallop'd one day
Down the church-steps at Rochdale and up the same way.

TRADITIONAL

Droylsden Wake Song

[c. 1825]

HE

IT's Dreighlsdin wakes, un' wey're comin' to teawn,
To tell yo o' somethin' o' great reneawn;
Un' if this owd jade ull lem'mi begin,
Aw'l show yo heaw hard un how fast aw con spin.

Chorus.—
So it's threedywheel, threedywheel, dan, don, dill, doe.

SHE

Theaw brags o' thisel, bur aw dunno' think it's true,
For aw will uphowd the, thy fawts arn't a few,
For when theaw hast done, un' spun very hard,
O' this awm well sure, thi wark is ill marr'd.
Chorus.—So it's threedywheel, etc.

HE

Theaw saucy owd jade, theawd'st best howd thi tung,
Or else aw'st be thumpin' thi ere it be lung,
Un' iv 'ot aw do, theaw'rt sure for to rue,
For aw con ha' monny o' one as good as you.
Chorus.—So it's threedywheel, etc.

SHE

Whot is it to me whoe yo con have?
Aw shanno' be lung ere aw'm laid i' my grave;
Un' when ot aw'm deod, un' have done what aw con,
Yo may foind one ot'll spin os hard os aw've done.
Chorus.—So it's threedywheel, etc.

HE

Com, com, mi dear woife, aw'll not ha' the rue,
Un' this aw will tell yo, un' aw'll tell yo true,
Neaw if yo'll forgie me for what aw have said,
Aw'll do my endavur to pleos yo instead.
Chorus.—So it's threedywheel, etc.

SHE

Aw'm glad for to yeor 'ot yo win me forgive,
Un' aw will do by yo os lung os aw live;
So let us unite, un' live free fro' o' sin,
Un' then we shall have nowt to think on but spin.
Chorus.—So it's threedywheel, etc.

BOTH

So neaw let's conclude an here eendeth eawr sung,
Aw hope it has pleost this numerous thrung;
Bur iv it 'os mist, yo needn't to fear,
Wey'll do eawr endavur to pleos yo next year.
So it's threedywheel, threedywheel, dan, don, dill, doe.

TRADITIONAL

The Owdham Recruit

[c. 1825?]

WHEN I're a young lad, sixteen years ago,
I lov'd a pretty lass, and followed the plough;
But somehow or other I was ne'er content,
Till I like a *noddy* for a sodger went.
There were such shouts of mirth and glee,
For I thowt I should a Captain be.
Bud ah! by *gum!* I wur varra much mista'en,
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail again.

So we march'd and march'd abeawt Owdham streets,
Where they tried to persuade me 'twas my turn to treat;
I treated them all till we geet drunk as *foos*,
Between serjeant, me, and corporal, there wur nod mich to chuse;
I thowt that my *brass* wod never ha been done,
Thinks I but we shall live a life of rare fun.
Bud ah! by gum! I wur varra much mista'en,
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail again.

Bud when my brass wur o spent and dun,
They pushed me about for a bit of roaring fun;
By gum, they'd like to *throttled* me; eh what a sin;
With a collar stiff as steel just stuck under my chin,
They cut my hair so close, sure, and gathered such a crop,

They made me soon i' th' regiment a real dandy fop.
Bud ah! by gum! I wur varra much mista'en,
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail again.

Is't never forget what a fuss of me they made,
When we went to a *pleck* ut they coed their parade,
If I could look to pleeos um theer, may I indeed be brunt,
For they wanted all at once my *een*, left, reet, and front;
Then o in a row like fire-*potters* we wur stood,
And my toes wouldn't turn in let me do wot I could;
I listed for a Captain; but, by gum, I wur mista'en,
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail again.

I wondered wot the *dickins* could ever be the matter,
For they shut me in the guard-house to live on bread and *watter;*
And when I offered then to quit that ugly place,
A soldier with his *bagnet* stood staring in my face:
I began then a thinkin' that my case was varra bad,
For I're wur off by far than when i' th' awkard squad.
I listed for a Captain; but, by gum, I wur mista'en,
And monny a time I wished mysel at t' plough-tail again.

THOMAS DUNHAM WHITAKER
[1759-1821]

The Forest of Bowland

THE beautiful river Hodder, famous for its umber, rising near the cross of Grete, and passing through the parish of Sladeburn, intersects the forest, and forms the only ornamental scenery of a tract otherwise bleak and barren, by its deep and fringed banks. On one of these is the little Chapel of Whitewell, together with an

inn, the court-house of Bowland, and undoubtedly, a very ancient resting-place for travellers journeying from Lancaster to Clitheroe or Whalley. The landscape here is charming. The Hodder, brawling at a great depth beneath the Chapel, washes the foot of a tall conical knowl, covered with oaks to its top, and is soon lost in overshadowing woods beneath. But it is for the pencil, and not the pen to do justice to this scene.

WILLIAM HOWITT
[1792-1879]

On the Way to Stonyhurst

THE lanes through which we drove were fine old pastoral lanes, all embowered with tall luxuriant hedges, rich with fresh foliage, and sweet with the flowers of the elder and the wild rose.

> It was the time of roses;
> We plucked them as we passed—*Hood.*

for it was, in fact, the 29th of June. So we drove on, every few yards catching a peep into fields full of grass, or glimpses of fine uplands, distant hills, and hanging woods. On our left, lying low amongst tall trees, appeared Little Mitton manor-house—one of those quaint, ancient, timbered houses with which Lancashire abounds. This is remarkable for its galleried hall of the age of Henry VII., of which an engraving may be found in Whittaker. All about us, as we ascended to the greater Mitton, or *the* Mitton, were green and whispering trees, and peeps into meadows rich with cattle; and the sound of the two rivers—the Hodder and the Ribble, which unite just below—came up to us delightfully. Mitton is as singularly as it is sweetly situated, on a point of land in the West Riding of Yorkshire which runs into Lancashire betwixt those

streams; and it is a spot at which I must request my readers to pause for a moment, not merely because in it lie the greater part of the Sherburne family, the ancient lords of Stonyhurst, but because the village and church of Mitton are, of themselves, highly worthy of a visit from the lovers of antiquity and of rural peace and seclusion. The place is one of the most perfect "Nooks of the World"; one of those places that, however all the country round them be revolutionized by manufactures and politics, stand, save for the ravages of time on their buildings, as they stood ages ago. It is most absolutely Old English. The slumber of a summer noon lies there profoundly as a trance. The low of cattle from a neighbouring croft, or the hum of a passing bee, seem the only living sounds.

JOHN ROBY
[1793-1850]

The Firing of Pendle Beacon

"PEACE," said one of the sleepers, raising himself half-way,—"I think we be like to bide here till our bones rot. There is nought but the same dun sky,—black, black, and unchanging. I should like to see a stiff blaze from some quarter. Our bundle here, would soon be in a low."

"Hark!" said the other, "'tis something creaking amongst the faggots."

The sentinel rushed out, but the beacon was undisturbed.

"St. Mary protect us!—'Tis the same noise I heard last night, and about the same hour."

The stranger here entered the hut. Enveloped in a huge cloak, he sate silent, and apparently inattentive;

but the conversation was now abrupt, and broken down with short and interrupted whispers.

"I wish old Hal and his wives were here, with all my heart," said one: "we'd have a rare bonfire. How his fat paunch would swell! But for him and his unlucky women, we had been snug in the chimney-corner, snoring out psalmody, or helping old Barn'by off with the tit-bits in the kitchen."

"Hush!" said his neighbour: "there be the faggots talking again. I think they are bewitched.—Dan, look to them."

"Nay," said Dan, "they may bide awhile for me."

The words were scarcely uttered when the building seemed in a blaze. Crash upon crash followed. The inmates, stupified with terror, were well nigh suffocated ere their astonishment left them the power to escape. In the full conviction that the foul fiend had taken him at his word, Dan was dragged from the hut, wan, speechless, and gasping with affright. Nothing less, too, than a visit from his Satanic majesty in person was expected by the terrified rustics.

On gaining the outside the whole burning mass was before them, one vast pyramid of flame. Flakes of blazing matter were hurled into the sky, with short and rapid explosions. The roar of the wind through the glowing furnace was awful and appalling. Huge and ignited fragments were borne away with frightful rapidity. They rode on the rolling volumes of smoke like fire-fiends armed with destruction; but the vast reservoir of flame still glowed on, apparently undiminished. The curtain of night seemed to be suddenly undrawn. Objects the most minute were visible as in the broad view of day. The brown heath, the grey and the mossy stone, were each distinguishable, but clad alike in one bright unvarying colour, red as the roaring furnace. Soon the great magazine of inflam-

mable matter in the interior caught fire, and rolled out in a wide mass of light, like the first burst of a volcano.

The stranger stood with apparent unconcern, his back to the flames, looking from the brink of the mountain northward, as if on the watch for corresponding signals. Soon a bright star hung on the heights above Sawley. Increasing in splendour, another broke out on the verge of the horizon, marking the site of the camp near Romald's Moor

Turning towards the south-west, and looking to the right, beyond the chain of successive heights that form the vale of Todmorden, he beheld a dim spark in the distance, from the summit of Hades Hill, scarcely penetrating the mist which hung like a dense cloud in that direction; this place and Thieveley Pike forming the connecting-links between Pendle Hill and Buckton Castle.

The terrified attendants knew too well the results which would follow this unaccountable and irreparable mistake. The whole country would be in commotion. Hordes of zealous and fanatic idlers and malcontents would repair to the appointed rendezvous, and this premature, and perhaps fatal movement, would be attributed to their carelessness. Paslew, not over-nice in discriminating their several deserts, would doubtless subject them to immediate and condign punishment.

* * * *

Paslew immediately saw the dangers by which he was involved. He was, by this desperate and unfortunate act, at once committed to the measures from which he had hitherto kept aloof, and he must now stand foremost in the cause, or tamely submit to the infuriate vengeance which this overt act of rebellion would inevitably hasten. . . .

JOHN ROBY
[1793-1850]

The Bar-Gaist

NOT far from the little snug smoky village of Blakeley, or Blackley, there lies one of the most romantic of dells, rejoicing in a state of singular seclusion, and in the oldest of Lancashire names, to wit, the "Boggart-hole." Rich in every requisite for picturesque beauty and poetical association, it is impossible for me (who am neither a painter nor a poet) to describe this dell as it should be described; and I will therefore only beg of thee, gentle reader, who peradventure mayst not have lingered in this classical neighbourhood, to fancy a deep, deep dell, its steep sides fringed down with hazel and beech, and fern and thick undergrowth, and clothed at the bottom with the richest and greenest sward in the world. You descend, clinging to the trees, and scrambling as best you may,—and now you stand on haunted ground! Tread softly, for this is the Boggart's clough; and see in yonder dark corner, and beneath the projecting mossy stone, where that dusky sullen cave yawns before us, like a bit of Salvator's best, there lurks the strange elf, the sly and mischievous Boggart. Bounce! I see him coming; oh no, it was only a hare bounding from her form; there it goes—there!

I will tell you of some of the pranks of this very Boggart, and how he teased and tormented a good farmer's family in a house hard by, and I assure you it was a very worthy old lady who told me the story. But first, suppose we leave the Boggart's demesne and pay a visit to the theatre of his strange doings.

You see that old farm-house about two fields distant, shaded by the sycamore-tree: that was the spot which

the Boggart or Bar-gaist selected for his freaks; there he held his revels, perplexing honest George Cheetham —for that was the farmer's name—scaring his maids, worrying his men, and frightening the poor children out of their seven senses, so that at last not even a mouse durst show himself indoors at the farm, as he valued his whiskers, five minutes after the clock had struck twelve.

It had long been remarked that whenever a merry tale was told on a winter's evening a small shrill voice was heard above all the rest, like a baby's penny trumpet, joining in with the laughter.

"Weel laughed, Boggart, thou'rt a fine little tyke, I'se warrant, if one could but just catch glent on thee," said Robert, the youngest of the farmer's sons, early one evening, a little before Christmas, for familiarity had made them somewhat bold with their invisible guest. Now, though more pleasant stories were told on that night beside the hearth than had been told there for the three preceding months, though the fire flickered brightly, though all the faces around it were full of mirth and happiness, and though everything, it might seem, was there which could make even a Boggart enjoy himself, yet the small shrill laugh was heard no more that night after little Bob's remark.

Robert, who was a short, stout fellow for his age, slept in the same bed as his elder brother John, who was reckoned an uncommonly fine and tall lad for his years. No sooner had they got fairly to sleep than they were roused by the small shrill voice in their room shouting out, "Little tyke, indeed! little tyke thysel'. Ho, ho, ho! I'll have my laugh now—Ho, ho, ho!"

The room was completely dark, and all in and about the house was so still that the sound scared them fearfully. The concluding screech made the place echo again;—but this strange laughter was not necessary to

prevent little Robert from further sleep, as he found himself one moment seized by the feet and pulled to the bottom of the bed, and the next moment dragged up again on his pillow. This was no sooner done, than by the same invisible power, he was pulled down again, and then his head would be dragged back, and placed as high as his brother's.

"Short and long w'ont match,—short and long w'ont match,—ho, ho, ho!" shouted the well-known voice of the Boggart, between each adjustment of little Robert with his tall brother, and thus were they both wearied for more than a hundred times; yet so great was their terror, that neither Robert nor his brother—"Long John," as he ever afterwards was called—dared to stir one inch; and you may well suppose how delighted they both were when the first grey light of the morning appeared.

"We'st now ha' some rest, happen," said John, turning on his side in the expectation of a good nap, and covering himself with the bedclothes, which the pulling of Robert so often backwards and forwards had tumbled about sadly.

"Rest!" said the same voice that had plagued them through the night, "rest!—what is rest? Boggart knows no rest."

"Plague tak' thee for a Boggart!" said the farmer next morning, on hearing the strange story from his children: "Plague tak' thee! can thee not let the poor things be quiet? But I'll be up with thee, my gentleman: so tak' th' chamber an' be hanged to thee, if thou wilt. Jack and Little Robert shall sleep o'er the cart-house, and Boggart may rest or wriggle as he likes when he is by himsel'."

The move was accordingly made, and the bed of the brothers transferred to their new sleeping-room over the cart-house, where they remained for some time

undisturbed; but his Boggartship having now fairly become the possessor of a room at the farm, it would appear, considered himself in the light of a privileged inmate, and not, as hitherto, an occasional visitor, who merely joined in the general expression of merriment. Familiarity, they say, breeds contempt; and now the children's bread and butter would be snatched away, or their porringers of bread and milk would be dashed to the ground by an unseen hand; or if the younger ones were left alone but for a few minutes, they were sure to be found screaming with terror on the return of their nurse. Sometimes, however, he would behave himself kindly. The cream was then churned, and the pans and kettles scoured without hands. There was one circumstance which was remarkable;—the stairs ascended from the kitchen, a partition of boards covered the ends of the steps, and formed a closet beneath the staircase. From one of the boards of this partition a large round knot was accidentally displaced; and one day the youngest of the children, while playing with the shoe-horn, stuck it into this knot-hole. Whether or not the aperture had been formed by the Boggart as a peep-hole to watch the motions of the family, I cannot pretend to say. Some thought it was, for it was called the Boggart's peep-hole; but others said that they had remembered it long before the shrill laugh of the Boggart was heard in the house. However this may have been, it is certain that the horn was ejected with surprising precision at the head of whoever put it there; and either in mirth or in anger the horn was darted forth with great velocity, and struck the poor child over the ear.

There are few matters upon which parents feel more acutely than that of the maltreatment of their offspring; but time, that great soother of all things, at length familiarised this dangerous occurrence to everyone at

the farm, and that which at the first was regarded with the utmost terror, became a kind of amusement with the more thoughtless and daring of the family. Often was the horn slipped slyly into the hole, and in return it never failed to be flung at the head of some one, but most commonly at the person who placed it there. They were used to call this pastime, in the provincial dialect, "laking wi' t' Boggart;" that is, playing with the Boggart. An old tailor, whom I but faintly remember, used to say that the horn was often "pitched" at his head, and at the head of his apprentice, whilst seated here on the kitchen table, when they went their rounds to work, as is customary with country tailors. At length the goblin, not contented with flinging the horn, returned to his night persecutions. Heavy steps, as of a person in wooden clogs, were at first heard clattering down-stairs in the dead hour of darkness; then the pewter and earthen dishes appeared to be dashed on the kitchen-floor; though in the morning all remained uninjured on their respective shelves. The children generally were marked out as objects of dislike by their unearthly tormentor. The curtains of their beds would be violently pulled to and fro,—then a heavy weight, as of a human being, would press them nearly to suffocation, from which it was impossible to escape. The night, instead of being the time for repose, was disturbed with screams and dreadful noises, and thus was the whole house alarmed night after night. Things could not long continue in this fashion; the farmer and his good dame resolved to leave a place where they could no longer expect rest or comfort: and George Cheetham was actually following with his wife and family the last load of furniture, when they were met by a neighbouring farmer, named John Marshall.

"Well, Georgey, and soa you're leaving th' owd house at last?" said Marshall.

"Heigh, Johnny, ma lad, I'm in a manner forced to't, thou sees," replied the other; "for that wearyfu' Boggart torments us soa, we can neither rest neet nor day for't. It seems loike to have a malice again't young uns,—an' it ommost kills my poor dame here at thoughts on't, and soa thou sees we're forc'd to flitt like."

He had got thus far in his complaint, when, behold, a shrill voice from a deep upright churn, the topmost utensil on the cart, called out—"Ay, ay, neighbour, we're flitting, you see."

"'Od rot thee!" exclaimed George: "if I'd known thou'd been flitting too I wad'nt ha stirred a peg. Nay, nay,—it's to no use, Mally," he continued, turning to his wife, "we may as weel turn back again to th' owd house as be tormented in another not so convenient."

They did return; but the Boggart, having from the occurrence ascertained the insecurity of his tenure, became less outrageous, and was never more guilty of disturbing, in any extraordinary degree, the quiet of the family.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE
[1796-1849]

James, Earl of Derby

DERBY was no frequenter of the court. He lived among his tenants, dividing his time between his English estates and his little kingdom of Man, which he was anxious to improve and civilize. But peaceful years and charitable deeds make little shew in the memorial page, and Derby owes his place in history, not to the virtues which sprang out of his own good will and choice, but to those which were elicited from him, like fire from flints, by the blows of fortune.

Scarcely had his father's death put him in possession of his ample domains, when the approach of civil war obliged him to exchange the garb of mourning for a coat of mail, and the kind superintendance of a good landlord over his paternal dependants, for the duties of a military commander.

When King Charles retired to York in the beginning of 1642, Derby was one of the first nobles who joined him. He was almost immediately despatched back into Lancashire to array the military force in that county, of which he was Lord Lieutenant, for the King's service. It was the original intention of Charles to hoist his standard at Warrington; a situation which would have rendered Lord Derby's powers in the highest degree available: but through the weak or selfish suggestions of certain in the council, he was induced to set up the signal of war at Nottingham. This was a great disappointment to Derby, who actually mustered 60,000 men on the three heaths of Preston, Ormskirk, and Bury, and was proceeding to use the same efforts in Cheshire, and North-Wales, where also he was Lord Lieutenant, when a special letter from his Majesty required his presence at head quarters, with such troops as he could equip directly. The Lancashire men, thinking themselves slighted, or like all irregular forces, intolerant of delay, went sulkily home, or joined the opposite party, to which they were of considerable aid in seizing Manchester. But the Earl, though mortified, was not changed; from his personal friends, and his tenantry, he raised three regiments of foot, and as many troops of horse, which he clothed and armed at his own cost. With these he waited on the King at Shrewsbury. He was straightway ordered back, with orders to attempt to surprise Manchester. He returned, hastened his preparations, fixed the very hour and mode of the assault, when th very

night before the enterprise was to have been executed, he received counter-orders to repair to the King immediately. He obeyed, and was rewarded by having his trusty powers taken from him, and placed at the disposal of others, while he was once more remanded into Lancashire to raise fresh men as he could. Treatment like this, and a course of management enough to ruin any cause, would have made many a man retire in disgust, if not actually change. But

> Loyalty is still the same
> Whether it lose or win the game,
> True as the dial to the sun
> Although it be not shone upon.

Derby's loyalty was of that exalted, pure, and simple character, which was ready to suffer all things not only *for* the King, but *from* the King. Though the royal interest in Lancashire was sunk very low, he had influence to raise a force sufficient to storm Lancaster and Preston, in which undertakings he shared and more than shared the utmost personal dangers, and was preparing for an attack on Manchester, when this new levy was called away to the main army; and nothing was left for him to do but to fortify his mansion at Lathom, and hold it out till better times. But before he had put the last hand to his work of restoring his home to the martial condition for which in former centuries all baronial residences were designed, he received intelligence that the King's enemies and his were planning an invasion of his little sovereignty of Man. To save this island which might serve for a retreat should the King come to the worst, he determined to sail thither in person, and to intrust his lady with the completion and command of the half-finished works at Lathom

HARRISON AINSWORTH
[1805-1882]

A Ruthless Experiment

BY this time, the party having gained the broad flat mead through which the Calder flowed, took their way quickly towards its banks, the spot selected for the ordeal lying about fifty yards above the weir, where the current, ordinarily rapid, was checked by the dam, offering a smooth surface, with considerable depth of water. If soft natural beauties could have subdued the hearts of those engaged in this cruel and wicked experiment, never was scene better calculated for the purpose than that under contemplation. Through a lovely green valley meandered the Calder, now winding round some verdant knoll, now washing the base of lofty heights feathered with timber to their very summits, now lost amid thick woods, and only discernible at intervals by a glimmer amongst the trees. Immediately in front of the assemblage rose Whalley Nab, its steep sides and brow partially covered with timber, with green patches in the uplands where sheep and cattle fed. Just below the spot where the crowd were collected, the stream, here of some width, passed over the weir, and swept in a foaming cascade over the huge stones supporting the dam, giving the rushing current the semblance and almost the beauty of a natural waterfall. Below this the stream ran brawling on in a wider, but shallower channel, making pleasant music as it went, and leaving many dry beds of sand and gravel in the midst; while a hundred yards lower down, it was crossed by the arches of the bridge. Further still, a row of tall cypresses lined the bank of the river, and screened that part of the Abbey, converted into a residence by the Asshetons; and after this came the ruins of the refectory, the

cloisters, the dormitory, the conventional church, and other parts of the venerable structure, overshadowed by noble lime-trees and elms. Lovelier or more peaceful scene could not be imagined. The green meads, the bright clear stream, with its white foaming weir, the woody heights reflected in the glassy waters, the picturesque old bridge, and the dark grey ruins beyond it, all might have engaged the attention and melted the heart. Then the hour, when evening was coming on, and when each beautiful object, deriving new beauty from the medium through which it was viewed, exercised a softening influence, and awakened kindly emotions. To most the scene was familiar, and therefore could have no charm of novelty. To Potts, however, it was altogether new; but he was susceptible of few gentle impressions, and neither the tender beauty of the evening, nor the wooing loveliness of the spot, awakened any responsive emotion in his breast. He was dead to every thing except the ruthless experiment about to be made.

Almost at the same time that Jem Device and his party reached the near bank of the stream, the beadle and the others appeared on the opposite side. Little was said, but instant preparations were made for the ordeal. Two long coils of rope having been brought by Baggiley, one of them was made fast to the right arm of the victim, and the other to the left; and this done, Jem Device, shouting to Sparshot to look out, flung one coil of rope across the river, where it was caught with much dexterity by the beadle. The assemblage then spread out on the bank, while Jem, taking the poor young woman in his arms, who neither spoke nor struggled, but held her breath tightly, approached the river.

"Dunna drown her, Jem," said Jennet, who had turned very pale.

"Be quiet, wench," rejoined Jem, gruffly.

And without bestowing further attention upon her, he let down his burden carefully into the water; and this achieved, he called out to the beadle, who drew her slowly towards him, while Jem guided her with the other rope.

The crowd watched the experiment for a few moments in profound silence, but as the poor young woman, who had now reached the centre of the stream, still floated, being supported either by the tension of the cords, or by her woollen apparel, a loud shout was raised that she could not sink, and was, therefore, an undeniable witch.

* * * * *

"Hoo be a witch fo sartin," cried Jem Device. But as he spoke, chancing slightly to slacken the rope, the tension of which maintained the equilibrium of the body, the poor woman instantly sank.

A groan, as much of disappointment as sympathy, broke from the spectators, but none attempted to aid her; and on seeing her sink, Jem abandoned the rope altogether.

But assistance was at hand. Two persons rushed quickly and furiously to the spot. They were Richard and Nicholas Assheton. . . . A glance showed them what had occurred, and the younger Assheton, unhesitatingly plunging into the water, seized the rope dropped by Jem, and calling to the beadle to let go his hold, dragged forth the poor half-drowned young woman and placed her on the bank, hewing asunder the cords that bound her hands and feet with his sword.

JOHN SCHOLES
[1808-1863]

The Lancashire Witch

AN owd maid aw shall be, for aw'm eighteen to-morn,
An' aw m'yen to keep sengle an' free;
But the dule's i' the lads, for a plague they were born,
An' thi' never con let one a-be, a-be,
They never con let one a-be.

Folk seyn aw'm to' pratty to dee an owd maid,
An' 'at luv' sits an' laughs i' my ee;
By-leddy! aw'm capt' 'at folk wantin' to wed;
Thi' mey o tarry sengle for me, for me,
Thi' mey o tarry sengle for me.

There's Robin a' Mill,—he's so fond of his brass,—
Thinks to bargain like shoddy for me;
He may see a foo's face if he looks in his glass,
An' aw'd thank him to let me a-be, a-be,
Aw'd thank him to let me a-be.

Coom a chap t'other day o i' hallidi' trim,
An' he swoor he'd goo dreawn him for me;
" Hie thee whoam furst an' doff thi,' aw sed, " bonny Jim!
Or thae'll spuyl a good shute,does-ta-see,does-ta-see.
Thae'll spuyl a good shute, does-ta-see."

Cousin Dick says aw've heawses, an' land, an' some gowd,
An' he's plann'd it so weel, dun yo' see!
When we're wed he'll ha' th' heawses new-fettled an' sowd,
But aw think he may let um a-be, a-be,
Sly Dicky may let um a-be.

Ned's just volunteer'd into th' " roifle recruits,"
An' a dashin' young sodiur is he;
If his gun's like his een, it'll kill wheer it shoots,
But aw'll mind as they dunnot shoot me, shoot me,
Aw'll mind as they dunnot shoot me.

He sidles i' th' lone, an' he frimbles at th' yate,
An' he comes as he coom no' for me;
He spers for eawr John, bo' says nought abeawt Kate,
An' just gie's a glent wi' his ee, his ee,
An' just gie's a glent wi' his ee

He's tall an' he's straight, an' his curls are like gowd,
An' there's summat so sweet in his ee,
'At aw think i' my heart, if he'd nobbut be bowd,
He needna' quite let me a-be, a-be,
He needna' quite let me a-be.

ELIZABETH GASKELL
[1810-1865]

The Working Men of Manchester

THERE is a class of men in Manchester, unknown even to many of the inhabitants, and whose existence will probably be doubted by many, who yet may claim kindred with all the noble names that science recognises. I said " in Manchester," but they are scattered all over the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. In the neighbourhood of Oldham there are weavers, common hand-loom weavers, who throw the shuttle with unceasing sound, though Newton's *Principia* lie open on the loom, to be snatched at in work hours, but revelled over in meal times, or at night. Mathematical problems are received with interest, and studied with absorbing attention by many a broad-spoken,

common-looking factory hand. It is perhaps less astonishing that the more popularly interesting branches of natural history have their warm and devoted followers among this class. There are botanists among them, equally familiar with either the Linnæan or the Natural system, who know the name and habitat of every plant within a day's walk from their dwellings; who steal the holiday of a day or two when any particular plant should be in flower, and tying up their simple food in their pocket-handkerchiefs, set off with single purpose to fetch home the humble-looking weed. There are entomologists, who may be seen with a rude-looking net, ready to catch any winged insect, or a kind of dredge, with which they rake the green and slimy pools; practical, shrewd, hard-working men, who pore over every new specimen with real scientific delight. Nor is it the common and more obvious divisions of entomology and botany that alone attract these earnest seekers after knowledge. Perhaps it may be owing to the great annual town-holiday of Whitsun-week so often falling in May or June, that the two great beautiful families of Ephemeridæ and Phryganidæ have been so much and so closely studied by Manchester workmen, while they have in a great measure escaped general observation. If you will refer to the preface to Sir J. E. Smith's Life (I have it not by me, or I would copy you the exact passage), you will find that he names a little circumstance corroborative of what I have said. Sir J. E. Smith, being on a visit to Roscoe, of Liverpool, made some inquiries from him as to the habitat of a very rare plant, said to be found in certain places in Lancashire. Mr. Roscoe knew nothing of the plant; but stated that if any one could give him the desired information, it would be a hand-loom weaver in Manchester, whom he named. Sir J. E. Smith proceeded by coach to Manchester, and on arriving at

that town, he inquired of the porter who was carrying his luggage, if he could direct him to So and So.

"Oh, yes," replied the man. "He does a bit in my way;" and, on further investigation, it turned out that both the porter and his friend were skilful botanists, and able to give Sir J. E. Smith the very information which he wanted.

Such are the tastes and pursuits of some of the thoughtful, little understood working men of Manchester.

ELIZABETH GASKELL
[1810-1865]

Hard Times in Manchester

ONE evening, when the clear light at six o'clock contrasted strangely with the Christmas cold, and when the bitter wind piped down every entry, and through every cranny, Barton sat brooding over his stinted fire, and listening for Mary's step, in unacknowledged trust that her presence would cheer him. The door was opened and Wilson came breathless in.

"You've not got a bit o' money by you, Barton?" asked he.

"Not I; who has now, I'd like to know. Whatten you want it for?"

"I donnot want it for mysel, tho' we've none to spare. But don ye know Ben Davenport as worked at Carsons'? He's down wi' the fever, and ne'er a stick o' fire nor a cowd potato in the house."

"I han got no money, I tell ye," said Barton. Wilson looked disappointed. Barton tried not to be interested, but he could not help it in spite of his gruffness. He rose and went to the cupboard (his wife's pride long ago). There lay the remains of his dinner, hastily put there ready for supper. Bread, and a slice of cold

fat boiled bacon. He wrapped them in his handkerchief, put them in the crown of his hat, and said—"Come, let's be going."

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In that dim light, which was darkness to strangers, they [the children] clustered round Barton, and tore from him the food he had brought with him. It was a large hunch of bread, but it had vanished in an instant.

"We mun do summut for 'em," said he to Wilson. "Ye stop here, and I'll be back in half-an-hour."

So he strode, and ran, and hurried home. He emptied into the ever-useful pocket-handkerchief the little meal remaining in the mug. Mary would have her tea at Miss Simmonds'; her food for the day was safe. Then he went upstairs for his better coat, and his one, gay, red-and-yellow silk pocket-handkerchief—his jewels, his plate, his valuables, these were. He went to the pawnshop; he pawned them for five shillings; he stopped not, nor stayed till he was once more in London Road, within five minutes' walk of Berry Street—then he loitered in his gait, in order to discover the shops he wanted. He bought meat, and a loaf of bread, candles, chips, and from a little retail yard he purchased a couple of hundredweights of coals. Some money yet remained—all destined for them, but he did not yet know how best to spend it. Food, light, and warmth he had instantly seen were necessary; for luxuries he would wait. Wilson's eyes filled with tears when he saw Barton enter with his purchases. He understood it all, and longed to be once more in work, that he might help in some of these material ways, without feeling that he was using his son's money. But though "silver and gold he had none," he gave heart-service, and love-works of far more value. Nor was John Barton behind in these.

SIR JAMES PHILLIPS KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH [1804-1877]

Winter and Superstition

STRONG minds often are unable to escape their thraldom with the help of liberal education and social intercourse. How, then, are the solitary farmers on the skirts of moorland wastes to free themselves from hereditary superstition? . . . The solitude of the life in the moorland farm-houses does not, however, foster the influence of superstitious traditions perhaps so much as the wild, stormy climate which holds its blustering reign through six months of every year in this region of morass and fog, dark clough, and craggy chasm. Night shuts in early. The sun has gone down through a portentous gulf of clouds which have seemed to swallow up the day in a pit of darkness. The great sycamores stagger in the blast, which rushes from the distant sea. The wind moans through the night like a troubled spirit, shakes the house as though it demanded admittance for the storm, and rushes down the huge chimney (built two centuries ago for the log fires and large hot heap of wood ashes), driving down a cloud of smoke and soot, as though by some wicked cantrip the witches careering in the storm would scatter the embers and fire the building.

SIR JAMES PHILLIPS KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH [1804-1877]

The Tim Bobbin Inn: Machine Breakers in Council

A BRIGHT light gleamed from the windows of the ground floor. Crossing the threshold, this light was seen to come chiefly from a large coal fire, blazing in

the ample grate of the room which served as kitchen, bar, and place of reception for guests. High-backed wooden settles screened the centre of this room from the door, and occupied two sides of it. In the middle was a plain deal table, and on this glasses of beer, and of spirits and water, with some rough hunches of bread and oatcake. Overhead was a frame, the strings of which were covered with the round, flat, thin flakes of oatcake which had dried there. From hooks in the ceiling hung hams and flitches of bacon. The settles were filled with men mostly smoking from long clay pipes; and spittoons, filled with sawdust, lay beside each on the sanded floor. . . . All seemed weary and worn. "Oi'n allays been again this rowing and rioting as brings t' sodgers on us poor wavers," said Silas. "What t' farreps have we to do in feyghting wi t' red coats? Connot we creep into t' mills at neet, and smash o t' iron wavers as robs eawr childer of bread? A bit of a tenpenny nail stuck in t' reet pleck in a machine, ull break it o to nowt, when t' ingin gets a gate. Yo moit crack em o, when t' ingin starts i t' morn, wi' their own stëam. What's t' use o' lettin' t' sodgers get a chance at us?"

"Nay, lads, let's do nowt underhand. We'dn done a pratty day or two's wark afore t' sodgers geet at us. There's summut righteous i' open wrath, for clemming wives and childer, but we're noan thieves to cloak what we done i' t'dark." . . . "What says ta Jonah?"

"Oim o' thy moind, Mark. There's nobbut two uses in what we'n done. If these machines can foind wark for o on us, there mun be moor on em by a dëal, and we'n towd t' meausturs at we winnot clem. But if they connot find wark for ten times as mony machines an' stëam looms as they now han, then lads we'n gien em notice to quit. They'n getten t' brass, and t' edication an' we'n nother brass nor larning, but we'n shown

em as we'n Lancashire pluck. We'ren not t'lads to dee in t' ditch, 'bout kicking. But I'm noan clear which is reet —no stëam looms, or ten times as mony iron-wavers."

"Then why smash them as tha' has helped to do?" asked Silas.

"To keep t' pot boiling at whoam till t' meausturs han fun out t' reet gate. We mun keep t' hand loom jingling at whoam an we han nowt but oatmale, and praties, and buttermilk, t'pig and t'garden stuff. After this smash we'st ha wark 'bout flitting into t' towns, and by-and-by we'st get mills all o'er t' forests."

SIR JAMES PHILLIPS KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH [1804-1877]

Early Days of Manufacture

[THE guests] related how their fathers had conducted the first steps of the staple manufacture, about the period of the invention of the fly-shuttle by Kay, of Bury. A century only had elapsed, since the roads through the valleys of the Irwell and the Roche were so rude that they were little traversed by carriages. The products of the quarries and mines, and of the loom were carried on the 'pack-saddles' of horses. Thus also the cloth woven in the forest and moorland homesteads and cottages, not required for home consumption, was carried to Manchester or to Leeds. . . . The guests related how the inhabitants of the forest valleys—especially boys—had been clad in clothes formed of sheepskins, the wool of which was worn inwards, and the half-tanned skin outwards. They related the primitive condition of the dwellings—the rudeness of rural pastimes—the savageness of personal combats, and of the frays caused by village feuds—the grossness of certain provincial superstitions and usages. Even

in their own experience they had narratives of adventures in rides from the forest valleys to the Manchester market, along deeply rutted roads crossed by perilous quagmires; and in winter, choked by drifts of snow. Such a journey required that the manufacturer should be in the saddle at four or five o'clock in the morning, according to the distance he had to ride; and as the roads were not always safe, they often came from Manchester in the evening in parties, riding ten or a dozen miles in company, for protection against footpads, and then dispersing on their several moorland routes.

SIR JAMES PHILLIPS KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH [1804-1877]

The Lesser Gentry and Their Halls

THE vicar also elicited curious stories as to the habits of small squires, who had, a century before, inhabited the humbler class of mansions, built in the style of James the First, so many of which still remain as monuments of a state of society now past. The coarse convivial habits of this class of gentry were related, as well as their addiction to cock-fighting, bull and bear baiting, dog-fighting, and the better sports of hunting the otter and the fox.

* * * * *

The halls of this smaller class of gentry closely resemble each other. They are built of sandstone, with mullioned windows and a roof covered with the thinnest layers of the flagstones with which the strata abound. The door is approached by a stone porch, within which, on either side, are stone benches; the door itself is studded with the iron knobs of clenched nails, and an iron handle depends from the latch. Over the porch is built a bay with a mullioned window, and generally

the arms of the family are displayed on a stone escutcheon between the sill of the window and the arch of the porch.

The hall is commonly narrow and dark, and leads to a room on either side, both lighted by long mullioned windows. In the larger of this class of mansions there is a central room entered from the door, and this, in some rare instances, is open into the oaken roof, which is supported by ribs of oak forming a pointed arch. At either end of such a hall is a screen, and a gallery above it with twisted balustrades, leading to the bedrooms. The hall of Little Mitton is a good example of this class. In the smaller of these houses, the upper rooms are commonly reached by an oaken staircase, in a recess at the end of the entrance from the front door. Before the porch is generally a court, surrounded by a wall six or eight feet high, with a Tudor coping. The gate of the court is usually opposite the porch, and sometimes of twisted iron, more frequently of solid oaken planks studded with iron. Behind the house is often a small 'fold' or group of buildings comprising the stables; barn and shippon, dairy, and two or three cottages for farm-servants.

Such are the characteristics of an almost extinct race of small gentry, which was scattered within the last century along the edge of the unreclaimed highlands, separating Lancashire and Yorkshire.

JOHN HARLAND and T. T. WILKINSON
[XIXTH CENTURY]

Eccles Wakes and Eccles Cakes

AN annual festival is held at Eccles, of great rustic celebrity and of high antiquity, as old probably as the first erection of the church, called "Eccles Wakes," celebrated on the first Sunday in September; and there is a wake at Swinton on the first Sunday after the 23rd July, and another at Woodgate on Sunday in Whit-

suntide. The Eccles Wake commences on the Sunday, it is continued during the three succeeding days, and consists (amongst many other things) of feasting upon a kind of local confectionary called "Eccles cakes" and ale, with various ancient and modern sports. All the authorities agree in assigning the first institution of wakes to the annual assembly of the people to watch and pray on the festival of the Saint to whom their church was dedicated, and this was doubtless originally the case in Eccles; the festival of St. Mary the Virgin being on the 22nd August, and the wake on the first Sunday after the 25th August, it has been asserted that the correspondence is tolerably well preserved. There is some error here; no festival of St. Mary the Virgin falling on the 22nd August. The Assumption (or death) was on August 15, and the 22nd would be the octave of the Assumption. But the first Sunday after the 25th of August would be nearer to the feast of the Nativity of the Virgin (September 8) than to the Assumption. A Roman Catholic custom of making a kind of oatcakes, called "soul-mass cakes," on All Souls' Day (November 2), and giving them on that day amongst the poor, no longer exists in Eccles; and this couplet which the people were expected to repeat in return for this benevolence is almost forgotten—

> "God save your saul,
> Bairns and all."

The following is a copy of the bill which sets forth a programme of the sports of Eccles Wake:—

"Eccles Wake.—On Monday morning, at eleven o'clock, the sports will commence with that most ancient, loyal, rational, constitutional, and lawful diversion,

BULL-BAITING,

in all its primitive excellence; for which this place has long been noted. At one o'clock there will be a foot-

race; at two o'clock a bull-baiting for a horse-collar; at four, donkey-races for a pair of panniers; at five, a race for a stuff-hat; the day's sport to conclude with baiting the bull 'Fury', for a superior dog-chain.

"On Tuesday, the sports will be repeated; also on Wednesday, with the additional attraction of a smock race by ladies. A main of cocks to be fought on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, for twenty guineas, and five guineas the byes, between the gentlemen of Manchester and Eccles. The wake to conclude with a fiddling-match by all the fiddlers that attend, for a piece of silver." Wakes are probably as ancient as the introduction of Christianity into this country, and were at first purely religious festivals. But in course of time, as the festivities were prolonged into night, the Legend of St. John the Baptist says that the attendants "fell to lecherie and songes, dances, harping, piping, and also to glotony and sinne, and so turned holynesse to cursydnesse." In the reign of Elizabeth wakes were in part suppressed, but were again allowed by James I in his "Book of Sports." Since then they have been carried on under varied programmes; but even now—

> "Tarts and custard, creams and cakes,
> Are the junkets still at wakes;
> Unto which the tribes resort,
> Where the business is the sport."

JOHN HARLAND and T. T. WILKINSON

[XIXTH CENTURY]

Rush-bearing

THE annual ceremony of rush-bearing is celebrated in Rochdale and in many other parishes in Lancashire, This custom, partaking of the nature of a village wake. is of high antiquity, probably as remote as the age of Pope Gregory IV (A.D. 827), who, on the introduction

of Christianity into this country, recommended to Melletus, the coadjutor of St. Augustine, that on the anniversary of the dedication of the Christian churches wrested from the pagans, the converts to Christianity should "build themselves huts of the boughs of trees about their churches, and celebrate the solemnities with religious feastings." On a fixed day in every year—in Rochdale on the 19th August—a kind of obtuse pyramid of rushes, erected on a cart, is highly ornamented in front, and surmounted by a splendid garland. To the vehicle so laden, from thirty to forty young men, wearing white jackets and ornamented with ribbons and flowers, are harnessed in pairs. A band of music is always in attendance, which strikes up on the cart moving on, and thousands of spectators, attracted from a distance of ten or even twenty miles around, hail with repeated cheers the showy pageant. The procession then advances to the town, and on arriving in front of each of the inns, a kind of morrice-dance is performed by the men in harness, who jingle copper bells, and beat or rather stamp tune with their wooden shoes—the clown, who is dressed in female attire, all the while collecting money to refresh the actors in the grotesque exhibition. From the town, the procession passes to the neighbouring mansions, where the dance is again repeated, and where the performers are presented by the ladies with garlands and money. Till about the early part of the nineteenth century the rush-bearing usually terminated at the church, and the rushes were spread on the clay floor under the benches used as seats by the congregation, to serve as a winter carpet; while the garlands were hung up in the chancel and over the pews of the families by whom they had been presented, where they remained till their beauty had faded. But within the last half century the church is frequently the last place thought of in this festival,

which has degenerated into mere rustic saturnalia. Formerly not fewer than a dozen of these processions from different parts of the parish entered Rochdale on the annual celebration; but they have now (1832) dwindled down to three or four, and are gradually dying away. This is in accordance with what Baines says in his "Lancashire", but a correspondent of Hone's "Year Book", signing "J. L.", and dating from Rochdale, May 31, 1825, gives the following account of the custom of rush-bearing in that neighbourhood. . . . A few years ago, I was told by an old man, now deceased, that he remembered the rushes to have been borne on the shoulders of the country people in bundles, some very plain and others ornamented with ribbons, garlands, &c., to the churchyard in Rochdale; that they were there dried previous to being put into the church, and that these rush-bearings received a small compensation from the churchwardens. This was before churches were floored with wood. The rushes were strewed for the purpose of rendering the congregation more comfortable, and saving their feet from being chilled by the stone pavements, and, in some instances, the clay floors. In many churches rushes are used in the same manner in the present day; but the old, homely method of rush-bearing on the shoulders has given place to the more luxurious and gorgeous display of the rush-cart and banner.

JOHN HARLAND and T. T. WILKINSON

[XIXTH CENTURY]

Dildrum, King of the Cats

THE following tradition is often heard in South Lancashire:—A gentleman was one evening sitting cosily in his parlour, reading or meditating, when he was

interrupted by the appearance of a cat, which came down the chimney, and called out, "Tell Dildrum, Doldrum's dead!" He was naturally startled by the occurrence; and when, shortly afterwards, his wife entered, he related to her what had happened, and their own cat, which had accompanied her, exclaimed, "Is Doldrum dead?" and immediately rushed up the chimney, and was heard of no more. Of course there were numberless conjectures upon such a remarkable event, but the general opinion appears to be that Doldrum had been king of cat-land, and that Dildrum was the next heir.—*N. and Q.*, 2d. ser. x. 463, 4 [December 15, 1560, signed D.C.].

ANONYMOUS
[c. 1866]

The Billmen of Bowland

AGAINST tenfold his numbers on Agincourt's plain,
The gallant King Henry the fight must maintain;
No knight like young Harry had England e'er known,
A pillar of fire to his army he shone;
His troops throng'd around him, they darken'd the field,
And the Billmen of Bowland swore never to yield.

His red-hair'd Northumbrian vassals were there,
And Durham and Cumberland brandish'd the spear;
The Londoners, too, in their trimmest array,
And the yeomen of Kent, who delight in a fray;
But from father to son old tradition hath told
That the Billmen of Bowland were best of the bold.

There Yorkshire and Durham did courage evince,
And the men of old Monmouth defended their prince;
The archers of Nottingham bent the long bow,
And their arrows were dyed in the blood of the foe;

But with axes uplifted, that gleam'd in the light,
The Billmen of Bowland were first in the fight.

From the banks of Sabrina they rush'd to the plain,
And Devon's proud heroes were found midst the slain.
And the children of Cornwall, as rude as their soil,
Exultingly shared in the glory and spoil;
But the Billmen of Bowland, old Lancashire's pride,
Stood firm on the hills, and the foemen defied.

Resistance was vain; neither falchion nor mail,
Nor helmet, nor shield-cover'd arm could avail;
When our foresters struck, death follow'd each wound,
The steed and his rider alike bit the ground.
There was glory for England on Agincourt's day,
But the Billmen of Bowland the palm bore away.

H. A. LITTLEDALE

[XIXTH CENTURY]

King Henry's Well

IT chanced upon a summer's day,
The sun so brightly shining,
He marked a spot where water lay,
With hazel rod divining.

And following quick the workmen's strokes,
The spade and pickaxe ringing,
A stream burst forth beneath the oaks
With plenteous current springing.

" Oh see," he cried, " how Providence,
His precious gifts bestowing,
Proves to our reason and our sense
How much to Him we're owing.

" Your kindness I can ne'er repay,
I look for naught but slaughter,

But God will bless you every day,
With this refreshing water.

" O, may it flow eternally,
And while this stream shall bubble,
May you and yours live peacefully,
Freed from all care and trouble.

" And while it murmurs down yon vale,
O may no son or daughter
Of Pudsay's lineage ever fail
To drink this crystal water.

" What tho' with honours and largesse
You ne'er can be requited,
Your loyalty and my distress
Shall ever be united.

" With fair hewn stones let this be walled,
Stones that will perish never,
And then the fountain shall be called,
King Henry's Well for ever."

JAMES STONEHOUSE
[B. 1770]

Launch of a Slaver in 1775

MY father was owner and commander of the *Mary Ellen*. She was launched on the 4th of June, my birthday, and also the anniversary of our revered sovereign, George III. We used to keep his majesty's birthday in great style. The bells were ringing, cannon fired, colours waved in the wind, and all the schools had holiday. . . . The *Mary Ellen* was launched on the 4th of June, 1775. She was named after and by my mother. The launch of this ship is about the first thing I can remember. The day's proceedings are indelibly fixed upon my memory. We went down to

the place where the ship was built, accompanied by our friends. We made quite a little procession, headed by a drum and fife. My father and mother walked first, leading me by the hand. I had new clothes on, and I firmly believed that the joy bells were ringing solely because *our* ship was to be launched. . . . It was a pretty sight to see the *Mary Ellen* launched. There were crowds of people present, for my father was well known and very popular. When the ship moved off there was a great cheer raised. I was so excited at the great "splash" which was made, that I cried, and was for a time inconsolable, because they would not launch the ship again, so that I might witness another great "splash." I can, in my mind's eye, see "the splash" of the *Mary Ellen* even now. I really believe the displacement of the water on that occasion opened the doors of observation in my mind. After the launch there was great festivity and hilarity. I believe I made myself very ill with the quantity of fruit and good things I became possessed of. While the *Mary Ellen* was fitting-up for sea, I was often taken on board. In her hold were long shelves with ring-bolts in rows in several places. I used to run along these shelves, little thinking what dreadful scenes would be enacted upon them. The fact is that the *Mary Ellen* was destined for the African trade, in which she made many very successful voyages. In 1779, however, she was converted into a privateer.

JAMES STONEHOUSE

[B. 1770]

A Prospect Changed

THE view obtained from Everton Beacon-hill was a view indeed. . . . What a noble panoramic scene!

I never saw its like. I do not think, in its way, such an one existed anywhere to be compared with it. At your feet the heather commenced the landscape, then came golden corn-fields and green pasture-lands, far and wide, until they reached the yellow undulating sand-hills that fringed the margin of the broad estuary, the sparkling waters of which, in the glow and fulness of the rich sunshine, gave life and animation to the scene, the interest of which was deeply enhanced, when on a day of high-tide, numbers of vessels might be seen spreading their snowy canvas in the wind as they set out on their distant and perilous voyages. In the middle ground of the picture was the peninsula of Wirral, while the river Dee might be seen shimmering like a silver thread under the blue hills of Wales, which occupied the background of the landscape. Westward was the ocean—next, the Formby shore attracted the eye. The sandhills about Birkdale and Meols were visible. At certain seasons, and in peculiar states of the atmosphere, the hummocks of the Isle of Man were to be seen, while further north Black Combe, in Cumberland, was discernible. Bleasdale Scar and the hills in Westmoreland dimly made out the extreme distance. Ashurst Beacon, Billinge, and at their back Rivington-pike, were visible. Carrying the eye along the Billinge range, there were Garswood Park, Knowsley and Prescot; the smoke from the little town of St. Helen's might have been seen behind them. Far away to the eastward were the Derbyshire-hills. Then we saw those of Shropshire, until the eye rested on the Cheshire ranges, Beeston and Halton Castles being plainly before us. The old city of Chester was discernible with a good glass. The eye moved then along the Welsh hills until it rested on the Ormeshead and travelled out upon the North Sea. Below us, to our left, was the town of Liverpool, the young giant just springing into vigorous

life, and preparing to put forth its might, majesty and strength, in Trade, Commerce, and Enterprise. The man of 1801 can scarcely believe his eyes in 1862. The distant view is still there, but how wonderfully is all the foreground changed.

EDWIN WAUGH
[1817-1890]

The Moorlands

I

SING, hey for the moorlands, wild, lovely, and stern,
Where the moss creepeth softly all under the fern;
Where the heather-flower sweetens the lone high-land lea,
And the mountain winds whistle, so fresh and so free!
I've wandered o'er landscapes embroidered with flowers,
The richest, the rarest, in greenest of bowers,
Where the throstle's sweet vesper, at summer day's close,
Shook the coronal dews on the rim of the rose;
But, oh for the hills where the heather-cock springs
From his nest in the bracken, with dew on his wings!
Sing, hey for the moorlands!

II

I've lingered by streamlets that water green plains,
I've mused in the sunlight of shady old lanes,
Where the mild breath of evening came sweetly and slow
From green nooks where bluebells and primroses grow;
But, oh the wild hills that look up at the skies,
Where the green bracken wave to the wind as it flies!
Sing, hey for the moorlands!

III

Away with the pride and the fume of the town,
And give me a lodge in the heatherland brown;
Oh there, to the schemes of the city unknown,
Let me wander with freedom and nature, alone;
Where wild hawks with glee on the hurricane sail,
And the mountain crags thrill to the rush of the gale!
Sing, hey for the moorlands!

IV

In glens which resound to the waterfall's song,
My spirit should play the wild echoes among:
I'd climb the dark steep to my lone mountain home,
And, heartsome and poor, o'er the solitude roam:
And the keen winds that harp on the heathery lea
Should sing the grand anthem of freedom to me!
Sing, hey for the moorlands!

EDWIN WAUGH
[1817-1890]

Come Whoam to thi Childer an' me

AW'VE just mended th' fire wi' a cob;
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon;
There's some nice bacon-collops o' th' hob,
An' a quart o' ale-posset i' th' oon;
Aw've brought thi top-cwot, doest a know,
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree;
An' th' har-stone's as white as new snow;
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer,
So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an aw said
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair;

An' aw gav' her her doll, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton-bo';
An' aw kiss'd her again; but hoo said
'At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,
Afore aw could get him upstairs;
Thae towd him thae'd bring him a drum,
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers;
Then he looked i' my faze, an' he said,
" Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad? "
An' he cried whol his e'en were quite red;—
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad!

At th' lung-length, aw geet'em laid still;
An' aw hearken't folks' feet 'at went by;
So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,
An' aw hang'd 'em 'o 'th maiden to dry;
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt,—
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.

" Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick;
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal;
Aw've a book full o' babs; an' a stick
An' some 'bacco an' pipes for mysel;
Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—
Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see;*
An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—
For aw olez bring summat for *thee!*

" God bless thee, my lass; aw'll go whoam,
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o reawnd;
Thae knows, 'at wheerever aw roam,
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd;

Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree;
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,
Except wi' yon childer an' thee,"

EDWIN WAUGH
[1817-1890]

Come, Mary, Link thi Arm i' Mine

COME, Mary, link thi arm i' mine,
An' lilt away wi me;
An' dry that little drop o' brine,
Fro' th' corner o' thi e'e;
Th' mornin' dew i' th' heather-bell's
A bonny bit o' weet;
That tear a different story tells—
It pains my heart to see't.
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

No lordly ho' o' th' country side's
So pleasant to my view,
As th' little corner where abides
My bonny lass an' true;
But there's a nook beside yon spring,—
An' if theaw'll share't wi' me;
Aw'll buy tho th' bonny'st gowden ring
That ever theaw did see!
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

My feyther's gan mo forty peawnd,
I' silver an' i' gowd;
An' a pratty bit o' garden greawnd,
O' th' morning' side o' the fowd;
An' a honsome bible, clen an' new,
To read for days to come;—

There's leaves for writin' names in, too,
Like th' owd un 'at's awhoam.
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Eawr Jenny's bin a-buyin' in'
An' every day hoo brings
Knives an' forks, an' pots; an' irons
For smoothin' caps an' things;
My gronny's sent a kist o' drawers,
Sunday clooas to keep;
An' little Fanny's bought a glass
Where thee an' me can peep.
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Eawr Tum has sent a bacon-flitch;
Eawr Jem a load o' coals;
Eawr Charlie's bought some pickters, an'
He's hanged 'em upo' th' woles;
Owd Posy's white-weshed th' cottage through;
Eawr Matty's made it sweet;
An' Jack's gav me his Jarman flute,
To play bi' th' fire at neet!
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

There's cups an' saucers; porritch-pons,
An' tables, greyt an' smo';
There's brushes, mugs, an' ladin'-cans;
An eight-day's clock an' o';
There's a cheer for thee, an' one for me,
An' one i' every nook;
Thi mother's has a cushion on it,—
It's th' nicest cheer i' th' rook.
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

My gronny's gav me th' four-post bed,
Wi' curtains to't an' o';
An' pillows, sheets, an' bowsters, too,
As white as driven snow;

It isn't stuffed wi' fither-deawn;
But th' flocks are clen an' new;
Hoo says there's honest folk i' th' teawn
That's made a warse un do.
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

Aw peeped into my cot last neet;
It made me hutchin' fain;
A bonny fire were winkin' breet
I' every window-pane;
Aw marlocked upo' th' white hearth-stone,
An' drummed o' th' kettle lid;
An' sung, "My neest is snug an' sweet;
Aw'll go an' fotch my brid!"
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

EDWIN WAUGH
[1817-1890]

Norbreck

THE road, which comes up thither from making a mile of playful meanderings through the green country, as soon as it quits the last house, immediately dives through the cliffs, with a sudden impulse, as if it had been reading "Robinson Crusoe," and had been drawn all that long way solely by its love for the ocean. The sea-beach at this spot is a fine sight at any time, but in a clear sunset the scene is too grand to be touched by any imperfect words. Somebody has very well called this part of the coast, "the region of glorious sunsets." When the waters retire, they leave a noble solitude, where a man may wander a mile or two north or south, upon a floor of sand finer than any marble, "and yet no footing seen," except his own; nor any sound heard mingling with the mysterious murmurs of

the sea but the cry of the wheeling gull, the piping of a flock of silver-winged tern, or the scream of the wild sea-mew. Even in summer, there are but few stragglers to disturb those endless forms of beauty which the moody waves, at every ebb, leave printed all over that grand expanse, in patterns ever new.

EDWIN WAUGH
[1817-1890]

Morecambe Bay

MORECAMBE BAY, or, the great crooked bay, which divides the districts of Furness and Cartmel from the rest of Lancashire, and which receives the waters of the Wyre, the Lune, the Keer, the Winster, the Kent, the Leven, and other rivers of less note, is a grand object, lying among scenes of singular interest and beauty. Its picturesquely irregular shores are full of varied charms —soft secluded vales and green nooks of nestling—old towns and villages, rich parks, and wild woods sloping to the water—which are all the more charming that they cling like a garland about the playground of the capricious sea, with the outlines of the mountains crowding round in the rearward, tier over tier, in stormy majesty. Within the fine sweep of scenery overlooking this bay, there is many a venerable home of ancient religion, many a towered steep and storied glen, that wakes the memories of a thousand years gone by.

EDWIN WAUGH
[1817-1890]

The Cottage of Tim Bobbin in Milnrow Village

THERE are some old people still living in Milnrow who were taught to read and write, and "do sums"

in Tim Bobbin's school, yet the majority of the inhabitants seem unacquainted with his real residence. I had myself been misled respecting it; but having obtained correct information and a reference from a friend in Rochdale to an old relative of his who lived in the veritable cottage of renowned Tim, I set about enquiring for him. As I entered the village, I met a sturdy good-looking woman, with a chocolate-coloured silk kerchief tied over her snowy cap, in that graceful way which is known over the country-side as the "Mildro Bonnet." She stopt me and said, "Meauster, hea fur han yo com'd?" "From Rochdale." "Han yo sin aught ov a felley wi breechuz on, un rayther forrud, oppo th' gate, between an th' Fir Grove?" I told her I had not; and I then enquired of her for Scholefield that lived in Tim Bobbin's cottage. She reckoned up all the people she knew of that name; but none of them answering the description, I went on my way. I next asked a tall woollen weaver, who was striding up the street with his shuttle to the mending. Scratching his head, and looking thoughtfully round among the houses, he said, "Scwofil? Aw know no Scwofils, but thoose ut th' Tim Bobbin ale-heause; yodd'n bettur ask theer." Stepping over to the Tim Bobbin inn, Mrs. Scholefield described to me the situation of Tim's cottage, near the bridge. Retracing my steps towards the place, I went into the house of an old acquaintance of my childhood. On the strength of a dim remembrance of my features, he invited me to sit down and share the meal just made ready for the family. "Come, poo a cheer up," said he, "an' need no moor lathein." After we had finished, he said, "Neaw, win yo have a reech o' bacco? Mally, reytch us some chlyen pipes, an th' pot eot o'th nook. Let's see, hoo's lad are yo, sen yo; for aw welly forgetten, bith'mass." After a fruitless attempt at

enlightening him thereon in ordinary town-English, I took to the dialect, and in the country fashion described my genealogy, on the mother's side. I was instantly comprehended; for he stopt me short with "Whau then, aw'll be sunken iv yo are not gron' son to Billy wi' th' pipes, at th' Biggins'." "Yo han it neaw," said I. "Eh," replied he, "aw knowed him as weel as aw knew my own feyther! He're a fyrfo chap for music an' sich like; an' he used to letter grave-stones, an' do mason-work. Eh aw've bin to mony a orrytory wi' Owd Billy. Whau—let's see—Owd Wesley preytched at their heawse, i' Wardle fowd once't. An' han yo some relations i' th' Mildro, then?" I told him my errand, and enquired for Schofield, who lived in Tim Bobbin's cottage. As he pondered and turned the name over in his mind, one of his lads shouted out, "By th'mon, feyther, he mhyens 'Owd Mahogany.' Aw think he's code Scwofil, and he lives i' th' garden at th' bottom o' th' bonk, by th' wayter side." It was generally agreed that this was the place, so I parted with my friends and went towards it. The old man came out without his hat, a short distance, to set me right. After bidding me a hearty "good neet," he turned round as he walked away, and shouted out, "Neaw ta care yo coan th' next time yo com'n thiz gate, an w'n have a gradely do."

About twenty yards from the west end of the little stone bridge that spans the river, a lane leads between the ends of the dwelling houses down to the water side. There, still sweetly secluded, stands the quaint, substantial cottage of John Collier, in its old garden by the edge of the Beal, which, flowing through the fields in front, towards the cottage, is there dammed up into a reservoir for the use of the mill close by, and then, tumbling over in a noisy little fall under the garden hedge, goes shouting and frolicking along the north-east side of it, over water-worn rocks, and under the

bridge, till the cadence dies away in a low murmur beyond, where the bed of the stream gets smoother. Lifting the latch, I walked through the garden to the cottage where I found "Owd Mahogany" and his maiden sister, two plain, clean, substantial working people, who were sitting in the low-roofed, but otherwise roomy apartment in front, used as a kitchen. They entered heartily into the purpose of my visit, and showed me everything about the house with a genial pride. What made the matter more interesting was the fact, that "Owd Mahogany" had been, when a lad, a pupil of Collier's. The house was built expressly for Tim, by his father-in-law; and the uncommon thickness of the walls, the number and arrangement of the rooms, and the remains of a fine old oak staircase, showed that more than usual care and expense had been bestowed upon it. As we went through the rooms on the ground floor, my ancient chaperone gave me a good deal of anecdote connected with each. Pointing to a clean, cold, whitewashed cell, with a great flag table in it, and a grid window at one end, he said "this wur his buttery, wheer he kept pullen, an gam, an sich like; for thir no mon i' Rachdaw parish livt betthur nor Owd Tim, nor moor like a gentleman; nor one at had moor friends, gentle an simple. Th' Teawnlo's took to him fyrfully, an thir'n olez othur comin' to see him, or sendin' him presents o' some mak'." He next showed me the parlour where he used to write and receive company. A little oblong-room, low in the roof, and dimly lighted by a small window from the garden. Tim used to keep this retiring sanctum tastefully adorned with the flowers of each season, and one might have eaten their dinner off the floor in his time. In the garden he pointed out the corner where Tim had a roomy green arbor, with a smooth stone table in the middle, on which lay his books, his flute, or his

meals, as he was in the mood. He would stretch himself out here, and muse for hours together. The lads used to bring their tasks from the school behind the house, to this arbor sometimes, for Tim to examine. He had a green shaded walk from the school into his garden. When in the school, or about the house, he wore a silk velvet skull cap. The famous radical, William Cobbett, used to wear a similar one occasionally; and I have heard those who have seen both in this trim, say that the likeness of the two men, was then singularly striking. "Owd Mahogany" having now shown and told me many interesting things respecting Tim's house and habits, entered into a hearty eulogy upon his character as a man and a schoolmaster. "He're a fine, straight forrud mon, wi no maffle abeawt him, for o' his quare, cranky ways." As an author, he thought him "Th' fine'st writer at Englan bred at that time o' th' day." Of his caligraphy too, he seemed particularly proud, for he declared that "Tim could write a clear print hond as smo as smithy smudge." He finished by saying that he saw him carried out of the doorway we were standing in, to his grave.

At the edge of the dark, I bade adieu to Tim's cottage, and the comfortable old couple that live in it. As I looked back from the garden-gate, the house wore a plaintive aspect in my imagination, as if it was thinking of its fine old tenant.

BEN BRIERLEY
[1825-1896]

Th' Wayver o' Wellbrook

Yo gentlemen o with yor heawnds an' yor parks,—
Yo may gamble an' sport till yo dee;
Bo a quiet heawse nook,—a good wife an' a book,
Is mooar to the likins o' me—e.

Wi' mi pickers an' pins,
An' mi wellers to th' shins;
Mi linderins, shuttle, and yealdhook;—
Mi treddles an' sticks,
Mi weight-ropes an' bricks;—
What a life!—said the wayver o' Wellbrook.

Aw care no' for titles, nor heawses, nor lond;
Owd Jone's a name fittin' for me;
An' gie mi a thatch wi' a wooden dur latch,
An' six feet o' greawnd when aw dee—e.—&c.

Some folk liken t' stuff their owd wallets wi' mayte,
Till they're as reawnt an' as brawsen as frogs;
Bo for me—aw'm content when aw've paid deawn mi rent,
Wi enoof t' keep mi up i' mi clogs—ogs.—&c.

An' ther some are too idle to use ther own feet,
An' mun keawr an' stroddle i'th' lone;
Bo when aw'm wheelt or carried—it'll be to get berried,
An' then Dicky-up wi' Owd Jone—one.—&c.

Yo may turn up yor noses at me an' th' owd dame,
An' thrutch us like dogs agen th' wo;
Bo as lung's aw con nayger aw'll ne'er be a beggar,
So aw care no' a cuss for yo o—o.—&c.

Then, Margit, turn reawnd that owd hum-a-drum wheel,
An' mi shuttle shall fly like a brid;
An' when aw no longer can use hont or finger,
They'n say—while aw *could* do aw *did—id.*—&c.

BEN BRIERLEY

[1825-1896]

Definitions

Childhood

TH' only time i' life when we are no' foos, or summat wurr. Red boot an' white sock days. When

we're pleased wi' little things, when we sheauten at th' candle an' wanten to catch th' canary, when we're fondled by young women an' towt by little lads to say bad words. When th' moon is a brass button to us an' we crien to have it. When th' aint Mally an' th' aint Sally dun their best to mak us believe we'rn sent into th' world for t' be sucked, an' etten, an' tossed up, an' smacked, an' tickled, an' daubed wi' traycle, an' hung up by th' legs, an' rowled on th' table, till we're ready for th' fust pair o' little breeches; an' then begin to find eaut we'rn sent i' this wo'ld for t'be made to stare at twenty-six big blots on a big pasteboard; an' if we conno give a name for everyone, we han to have it hommered into us. This is th' beginning o' th' realities of life. *Childhood* is th' romance.

Clown

A coarse, ill-bred man. Accordin' to thoose forriners ut liven i' th' back part o' England, it means a Lancashire mon. An' I'm nobbut soory ut some of eawr writers han helped to mak it eaut ut we are a breed o' yorneys. Tim Bobbin started it, by makkin it seem as if "Tummas o' William's" wur abeaut th' biggest leatheryead upo' th' face o' this clod. An' if it hadno' bin for sich as Edwin Waugh, th' wo'ld mit ha' gone comfortably t' sleep, wi' its mind made up ut this corner o' th' lond wur throng packed wi' foos. But Ned hissel, an' Sam Baimfort, an' Sam Laycock, on' one or two lesser leets, han shown that eaur bit of greaund con raise summat elze beside folk ut hardly known when they're th' reet end up. When Tim made Tum what he wur, he mit just ha' towd us ut some o' th' finest men ut ever handled figures, an' some o' th' deepest thinkers, wur then knockin' at their looms. Owd Billy Shakspere

had th' same faut. O his workin folk are *cleawns*. English history has very little nobility eautside a palace.

Contrariness

A VERY strong quality i' some women, speshly wives. "What shall we ha' to dinner to-day?" "Pleas thysel." "Broth?" "Nawe, I'll broth noane to-day. I'll mak a potato pie." "If I'd said a potato pie, hoo'd ha' said broth." "Shall we have a walk?" "Nawe, I'll stop i' th' heause t'neet." "Mun we ha' just an odd rubber i'stead o' gooin eaut?" "Nawe, it's too fine to be i' th' heause. Theau never *will* tak me a-walkin'."

Leaf

A PLEASANT summer companion ut we're fast losin' th' seet on. Nice when it's set a-caperin' wi' a bit o' breeze; an' no grander chorus con be sung than when th' king o' th' forest gies eaut his hymn; an' owd Boreas puts on his full peawer o' wynt. Then millions o' leeaves clap their honds, an' tune their pipes; an' "the hills and the valleys rejoice." A tree witheaut leeaves is one o' th' melancholiest things i' creation. An' ther lots I come across ut are gettin like my yead, bare at th' top. I con see a time comin' when this grand owd Lancashire o' eaurs 'll favvor an owd hess-middin; wi' here an' theere a stump, like a finger post witheaut letters, showin us th' road to nowhere. It's fast comin to it. Is there no savation?

SAM LAYCOCK
[1826-1893]

Welcome, Bonny Brid

THA'RT welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
Toimes are bad.
We're short o' pobbies for eawr Joe,
But that, of course, tha didn't know.
Did ta, lad?

Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell,
'At when aw coom i' th' world misel',
Trade wur slack.
An' neaw it's hard work pooin' throo—
But aw munno fear thee; iv aw do,
Tha'll go back.

Cheer up! these toimes 'ull awter soon;
Aw'm beawn to beigh another spoon—
One for thee;
An' as tha's sich a pratty face,
Aw'll let thee have eawr Charley's place,
On mi knee.

God bless thee, love! awm fain tha'rt come;
Just try an' mak' thisel' a-whoam;—
What ar't co'd?
Tha'rt loike thi mother to a tee,
But tha's thi feyther's nose, aw see,
Well, awm blow'd!

Come, come, tha needn't look so shy,
Aw am no' vexed nor nowt, not I;
Settle deawn,
An' tak' this haupney for thisel;
There's lots o' sugar-sticks to sell,
Deawn i' th' teawn.

Aw know when aw first coom to th' leet,
Aw're fond o' owt 'ut tasted sweet;
Tha'll be th' same.

But come, tha's never towd thi dad
What he's to co' thi yet, mi lad;—
What's thi name?

Hush! hush! tha munno cry this way,
But get this sope o' cinder tay
While it's warm.
Mi mother used to give it me,
When aw wur such a lad as thee,
In her arm.

Hush-a-babby, hush-a-bee—
Oh, what a temper! dear-a-me,
Heaw tha skroikes!
Here's a bit o' sugar, sithee;
Howd thi noise, an' then aw'll gie thee
Owt tha loikes.

We've nobbut getten coarsish fare,
But eaut o' this tha'st ha' thi share,
Never fear.
Aw hope tha'll never want a meel,
But allus fill thi bally weel.
While tha'rt here.

Thi feyther's noan bin wed so long,
An' yet tha sees he's middlin' throng,
Wi' yo' o;
Besides thi little brother Ted,
We've one upsteers asleep i' bed
Wi' eaur Joe.

But tho' we'n childer two or three,
We'll mak a bit o' reawm for thee;
Bless thee, lad!

Tha'rt th' prattiest brid we han i' th' nest,
Come hutch up closer to mi breast—
Awm thi dad!

THOMAS CRUDDAS PORTEVS

Manchester

"COMMERCE," they say, "hath swift and secret power
To dry the source of passions pure and kind.
Under the ægis of the cotton flower
Sickens the stunted frame and starveling mind."

The idler knows our city in a jest—
"Selfish and smutty gains, O Manchester,
These be thy gods"! But some who flout with zest,
Draw from her breasts, are clothed and fed by her.

But those who broadly based and deeply laid
The sure foundations of our civic state,
Weaving the subtle web of far-flung trade,
Who ploughed in snow, and garnered lean and late:

Who cared not merely for the golden mart,
But gave us schools, made science here a home,
And reared a shrine for letters and for art—
The breathing canvas and immortal tome;

Who from the hub drew out, both far and wide,
The myriad paths of water, stone and steel,
And linked our inland city with the tide
Of mighty ocean; who, to save and heal,

Built ward and hospice; and, by devious ways,
Justice from force, and law from freedom brought;
Who won us wiser rule and happier days;
Not all for self, nor for an age they wrought.

"These be thy gods!" Nay, not the teeming mine,
Nor clattering mill and storehouse, tier on tier—

Yon " black but comely " Kirk, our ancient shrine,
Those sister Schools, are treasures doubly dear!

Hard by the sounding street, the factory grey,
There seems a voice from sacred spire and tower,
Which says, " We are not all of yesterday,
And while we serve, outlast the transient hour."

GORDON BOTTOMLEY

New Year's Eve, 1913

O, Cartmel bells ring soft to-night,
And Cartmel bells ring clear;
But I lie far away to-night,
Listening with my dear;

Listening in a frosty land
Where all the bells are still
And the small-windowed bell-towers stand
Dark under heath and hill.

I thought that, with each dying year,
As long as life should last,
The bells of Cartmel I should hear
Ring out an aged past:

The plunging, mingling sounds increase
Darkness's depth and height,
The hollow valley gains more peace
And ancientness to-night:

The loveliness, the fruitfulness,
The power of life lived there
Return, revive, more closely press
Upon that midnight air.

But many deaths have place in men
Before they come to die;
Joys must be used and spent, and then
Abandoned and passed by.

Earth is not ours; no cherished space
Can hold us from life's flow,
That bears us thither and thence by ways
We knew not we should go.

O, Cartmel bells ring loud, ring clear,
Through midnight deep and hoar,
A year new-born, and I shall hear
The Cartmel bells no more.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

The Stream's Song

MAKE way, make way,
You thwarting stones;
Room for my play,
Serious ones.

Do you not fear,
O rocks and boulders,
To feel my laughter
On your grave shoulders?

Do you not know
My joy at length
Will all wear out
Your solemn strength?

You will not for ever
Cumber my play;
With joy and a song
I clear my way.

Your faith of rock
Shall yield to me,
And be carried away
By the song of my glee.

Crumble, crumble,
Voiceless things;
No faith can last
That never sings.

For the last hour
To joy belongs;
The steadfast perish,
But not the songs.

Yet for a while
Thwart me, O boulders;
I need for laughter
Your serious shoulders.

And when my singing
Has razed you quite,
I shall have lost
Half my delight.

AMMON WRIGLEY

The Watermill

DEEP in the clough there stands a wreck,
A worn old Watermill!
Where muffled waters hushed by weeds,
Slide by its wheelrace still;
The ruined walls are gaunt and weird,
And black with age and grime;
A lonely grave, where mouldering lies
The world of olden time.

It stands below the cold dark moors,
A sad forsaken spot!
Far from the shouting ways of life,
By all the world forgot;
The patient hill is watching there,
With grey and careworn cheek,

Like one who in a death-room sits,
When no one dares to speak.

There, in her rags, grim Ruin prowls,
A witch of skin and bone!
While crooning to herself she tears
The old mill stone from stone!
And feasting there with cruel fangs,
She gorges night and day,
Till wall and roof and timbers own
Her foul unsightly sway.

The bracken chokes the doorway now,
Where never footstep falls,
And thick with grass, the old stone steps,
That climb the gable walls;
The window spaces, black as night,
Like sightless eyes they seem!
Where leaded lights once flashed afar
The morning's ruddy beam.

When day hath roamed across the world,
Through love and hate and fear,
She comes at evening by the Mill,
And leaves her sorrow there;
And in the night, beneath the stars,
Strange voices whisper low,
And softly through the haunted rooms
The ghostly footsteps go.

How pleasant in its lusty prime,
To hear upon the breeze,
The droning rumble of the Mill,
Like sound of summer bees;
Now screams the wind through empty rooms,
And bangs the swinging doors!
While lime and dust are whirled about
The worn and broken floors.

The wheel has gone! the great strong wheel
That dripped around so slow,
Whose oaken arms went fading down
Through waters black below;
The breeding starlings haunt the walls,
And on the ridge stones sit,
While up and down the old Mill stairs
The nestling swallows flit.

The wall is smeared with greasy rings,
Where ran the driving wheels,
And still the bolt holes show where stood
The little slubbing creels;
The rusty holdfast near the door,
Below the " willow " strap,
Where every night the master hung
His apron and his cap.

Where once the slubber slurred his feet,
The floor is hollowed thin,
How oft he swung his arms around
And turned the " billy " in.
The bottle hid among the waste,
Behind the bobbin skips,
Oft in the sweltering summer days
Went to his " drooty " lips.

The " willow hole," with oily walls,
The windows green and dull,
The long bright teeth that flashed around,
And tore the tough, white wool;
The " dying hole," with windows barred,
And door with iron stays,
That kept at bay anarchy's horde,
In wild " plug drawing " days.

The " knottin' boart," so smooth and worn
From nail and splinter free;

The master's wife, who " pearked " each piece,
A kindly soul was she;
A heart that felt, a hand that gave,
Her goodness made her fame,
And all the dalesfolk gave to her
A gentlewoman's name.

The long round cardings fall no more,
No homely master stands,
And strokes the wool from off his beard
With rough and greasy hands;
He leans no more upon the creel,
And takes his pinch of snuff,
Nor whistling " Jockey to the Fair,"
Goes through the flying " fluff."

No more the carder makes his home
Within the carding-room;
No more the weaver's porridge-can
Is hung against his loom;
No more the great wheel's round is set
To some old hunting song,
That shook the Mill and lightened toil,
The busy work day long.

The " waking " time in " backend " days,
When skies were dark and low,
And long brown candles through the Mill
Sent forth a feeble glow;
How in the draughts, with veering flames,
They swiftly seem to burn,
When round the rooms the master went
And snuffed each light in turn.

When summer days grew dusty hot,
The little dam ran low,
Then all the hands the meadows sought,
When every man could mow;

Or on the dry and sunburnt moor
They set their " captive snare,"
And caught the bright-winged butterflies
That thronged the noontide air.

When August winds the heather blew
Into a purple flame,
And whirling down the morning cloughs
The brown-winged moorcock came;
In that glad time beside his loom,
The weaver reared his gun,
Then " eaut o' gear " the treadles went,
The shuttle would not run.

His snuff-streaked coat of hunting green,
Its collar lined with red,
The great brass buttons down the front,
Stamped with a pointer's head;
His breeches, buttoned to the knee,
Of woollen cord were made,
His heavy shoon with tallow greased,
The rushy swamp to wade.

He sacred held the fleet brown hare,
'Twas not the fowler's game!
And he who shot the hound dog's spoil
Was branded with a shame;
When called the huntsman down the dale,
The mill folk ran away,
For old and young in Saddleworth then
Ne'er worked on a hunting day.

The pear-shaped dam behind the Mill,
Reed-isled and full of trout,
That by the banks on summer morns
Went flashing in and out;
Where shone the waters clear and deep,
The tall green rushes grow,

And down the long and narrow goyt
The wild marsh flowers blow.

No " tainters " stand along the field
Where once the shawls were hung,
No " sizing sticks " now prick the walls
Where once the warps were strung;
They " bunt " no more the handwove piece,
Those homely upland folk,
No donkey teams wind up the lanes
With warp and bobbin " poke."

The once trod paths are lost and gone,
And green the hillside lane,
The fields that once our fathers tilled,
Are rough brown moor again;
Yet oft a lonely foot may pass,
With step that no one hears,
And oft a sorrow fills the heart
That's never shown in tears.

The mist comes down the quiet moor,
In heavy folds, and vast!
As sadness comes across the heart
That ponders o'er the past;
A spirit stands upon the hill,
Amid the gathering gloom,
Like one who stands and mourns at eve
By some belovèd's tomb.

A silence haunts the moorland cloughs,
And broods above the dead,
Where once our sturdy fathers earned
Their frugal daily bread;
Where once the tide of life ran strong
Among these withered hills,
To ebb away and leave its wrecks—
The dark old Watermills.

AMMON WRIGLEY

The Moorland Heights

THERE are a few places in Saddleworth, of which the dalesfolk are rightly proud. One is that corner of Greenfield, which is guarded sentinel-like by Alderman. A man cannot help but linger there in wonderment, struck by the majesty and the grandeur of the moorland heights. He will note too, the fine contrasting features of the scenery; high lights and deep shadows, gentleness and savagery, steeps of moor, black as thunderclouds, great cloughs, ravines, and gullies, that have been slashed into the breasts of the hills by the axes of time and storm. In Winter the snow lies along on the high moortops, and the wind roars and rips its way among the black crags, telling us how it has riven and wasted them through countless ages. Below all this, the wild and the tempestuous in Nature, is the calm and the restful, the peace, and greenery of pasture, meadow, and woodland that lie round the old farmhouses.

An Evening Scene

FOR an evening scene, if you would see something that is magical beyond all expression in words, come down the Bill's o' Jack's road on a still evening in August or September. Come down under a harvest moon—a moon that lies in a thin haze and is the colour of old gold, and you will see something or you are hopelessly blind. You will feel something too, among those silent mystical moors—a sense of loneliness that is not loneliness, but the most exquisite companionship. You will feel that the heather, the bracken, the knolls, the hollows, and the wide moorlands round you are holding some kind of converse of which not a syllable is heard, but much is felt.

On such an evening you have fairy company on that moorland road. As you tramp along you feel that some kind of witchery is lifting you out of your every-day self. You are conscious of something in the air that is akin to enchantment, you breathe it at every step. You remember that the moors on either hand were once the homes of fairies and giants, and maybe their charms and spells still linger in heath and crag.

The fairy holes on Alderman moor make you recall the magic hour at bedtime when your mother told how the fairies came out on summer eves and danced round the Druid's Altar, and how the folk at the farms below listened to the tinkling of little bells. The misty gleam of waters and the shadowy groups of trees in the valley, seem strangely unreal and beautiful. Above them the high crags of Dovestone loom up, dim and mysterious; the dreaded castle of the two-headed giant that carried off the King's daughter. You wonder if the lovely shepherdess still bathes in the pool up Rimmon Clough. You think of the two hills, Alphin and Alderman (legendary giants), that loved her. Do they still fight their ancient duels on stormy nights in winter when the windows are dark at the farms and the folk are in bed? You stop to look at the thumb marks left on the mighty rocks they once hurled at each other.

The Chew valley opens out showing the Wilderness and the jagged height of Wimberry Stones, and faint in the distance the lofty shoulder of Alphin. Alderman springs up from Ashway waters, and goes soaring through heather, bracken, and wimberry, to a peak of storm-split crags, through which you see upright strips of sky. The whole scene, softened and mellowed by the haze and the yellow moon takes on a kind of ethereal beauty. See it, and you will know why the dalesfolk hope to find the Saddleworth hills in heaven.

NOTES

Page 3 From the poem called *The Scottish Field* (Chetham Society, *Miscellanies*, vol. ii., 1856) from a MS. preserved at Lyme, Cheshire.

Page 4 From a long poem in Harl. MSS., Cod. 3526, from which Harland (*Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, &c. 1865) prints 48 lines, including this extract.

Pages 5, 8, 9 From *Britain*, 1637, Philemon Holland's translation of Camden's *Britannia*, 1586.

Page 10 Part of the June 'Æglogue' of *The Shepheardes Calender*, 1579, in which Hobbinoll is Spenser's Cambridge friend, Dr. Gabriel Harvey. *Tyterus* (*page* 12) Chaucer.

Page 14 From the Spenser Society's reprint of *Poly-Olbion*, The Second Part, 1622 (the 27th song).

Pages 22, 24 From *The Late Lancashire Witches*, 1634, Act 1 (T. Heywood, *Dramatic Works*, Pearson, 1874, vol. iv.)

Page 25 From *The Pennyles Pilgrimage or The Moneylesse Perambulation of John Taylor, Alias the King's Majesties Water Poet*, "How he travailed on foot from London to Edenborough, in Scotland, not carrying any Money to or fro, neither Begging, Borrowing, or Asking Meate, Drinke or Lodging." As in *All the Workes*, &c., 1630. The journey of this poetical waterman was made in 1618.

Page 27 From *Barnabæ Itinerarium or Barnabee's Journall* [1638] repr. by Haslewood in 1820. Side by side are Latin (far the best) and English versions, both rhymed. The 'Jaylor, ripe and mellow' is the Inn-keeper and Jailer of the last extract. Braithwaite was a Westmoreland gentleman and prolific writer.

Pages 30, 31 Richard James, nephew of the first keeper of the Bodleian Library, Dr. Thomas James, travelled in Scotland, Wales, the Shetlands, Greenland and Russia, but his 'Observations' have perished. There remains only his *Iter Lancastrense*, the source of the extracts, made and

written in 1636. From *The Poems*, &c., ed. Grosart, 1880. *My Ladyes horne* (page 31): "An alewife so called [my Lady?]. She hath y^e^ horne of plentie according to all." *Author's Note.*

Page 32 From *The Way to the True Church*, &c., 'by John White, Minister of God's Word at Eccles, 5th ed. 1624, but Preface dated 1608, as given in *Notes and Queries*, vol. viii. 613 and Chetham Society issues, vol. xxxviii. 1855.

Page 32 From *The Lancashire Witches*, Act 1 (Shadwell, *Works*, vol. 3, 1720). *Hopkins* a famous witch-finder in East Anglia, was himself hung as a witch in 1647.

Page 34 From Harland's *Lancashire Lyrics*, &c., 1866. The husband of Mrs. Habergham (born Fleetwood Townley) ruined himself and his estate by vice and extravagance.

Page 35 From *Lancashire Legends*, Harland and Wilkinson, 1873, with this note: "The above song was taken down from the singing of 'Blacking Tommy,' *alias* 'Tommy o' Raddles,' *alias* Thomas Walker, who can *sing* the song, but not *recite* it." It probably refers to Robert Parker, 1663-1718, who kept a "Journal of Events," including hunting days.

Pages 36, 40 From Byrom's *Miscellaneous Poems*, 2 vols., Manchester, 1773.

Pages 42, 47 From *The Miscellaneous Works of Tim Bobbin, Esq.* Salford, 1811. I have given the title "A Sage Cato" to a combination from two separate poems, "The Blackbird" and "The Goose," which clearly relate to the same magistrate. *Cibber* (page 43), the actor, dramatist, and Poet Laureate from 1730 to 1757.

Pages 50, 52, 53 From *Letters of Thomas Gray*, ed. D. C. Tovey, 1912.

Page 54 From *Letters*, &c., by Samuel Derrick, Esq., Master of the Ceremonies at Bath, 2 vols., 1767.

Page 57 From *Mount Pleasant: A Descriptive Poem*, 1777.

Page 58 From *A Tour through the Island of Great Britain. . . .* 'Originally begun by the Celebrated Daniel De Foe, continued by the late Mr. Richardson, Author of *Clarissa*, etc., and brought down to the present time by Gentlemen of Eminence in the Literary World. The Eighth Edition, with great Additions and Improvements,' 1778.

Page 59 From *Lancashire Folk-Lore*, Harland and Wilkinson, 1867, with this comment: "The following story is told and believed by some persons at Hornby. The Park Mistress may be supposed to be the ghost of Lady Harrington, who committed a murder three hundred years ago. Margaret Brackin was born in 1745, and died in 1795. The dialect is that of the locality."

Page 61 From *Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty, Made in the Year* 1772, &c., 3rd edition, 1792.

Pages 62, 63, 64 From *A Journey Made in the Summer of 1794, Through Holland. . . . To which are added Observations during a Tour to the Lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland*, 2nd ed., 1795.

Pages 67, 68, 70, 71, 72 Respectively from *The Prelude* (Books i, v, ii, iv), first published 1850, *The River Duddon, A Series of Sonnets* and the Notes thereto. *Dame of the old grey stone* (page 70). An old dame who sold her wares by "a rude mass of native rock" in the market-square of Hawkshead.

Page 77 From *The Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, Third edition, 1813.

Page 79 From *The Poetical Works of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer*, 1840.

Pages 81, 84, 85, 86 Respectively from *The English Mail Coach* (as revised 1854); *On Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts, Postscript*, 1854; *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* Part I (1856 ed.), *Recollections of the Lakes etc.*, as revised 1854. *Spinosistic* (page 86). The system of Spinoza, 1632-1677, was Pantheistic. *Oppidans* (page 86). At Eton, boys not on the foundation and living in masters' houses.

Page 87 From *Lancashire Lyrics, op. cit.* Based on tradition about Sir Ashton Lever, and his unfortunate love story and rash horsemanship. *Cambeshire* (page 90) on the top of Bowlee in the township of Heaton.

Page 92 From *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, 1865, *op. cit.* The song, associated with Greenside, a hamlet in Droylsden, was sung by a man and a woman, each on horseback and spinning as they went, but later in a cart.

Page 94 From *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire*, Second edition, Harland and Wilkinson, 1875.

Page 95 From *History of the Original Parish of Whalley*, &c., Third edition, 1818.

Page 96 From *Visits to Remarkable Places*, First Series, second edition, 1840.

Pages 97, 100 From *Traditions of Lancashire*, Fifth edition, 1872. *Salvator* (page 100) S. Rosa 1615-1673, famous as a painter of wild landscapes.

Page 105 From *Biographia Borealis, Or, Lives of Distinguished Northerns*, 1843.

Page 108 From *The Lancashire Witches*, "Harrison Ainsworth's Novels, The Original edition," n. d., by permission of Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, Ltd.

Page 111 From *Lancashire Lyrics, op. cit.*

Pages 112, 114 From *Mary Barton*, 1848, chaps. v. and vi.

Pages 116, 118, 119 From *Scarsdale, or, Life on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Border Thirty Years Ago*, 1860.

Pages 120, 122, 124 From *Lancashire Legends, op. cit.*

Page 125 From *Lancashire Lyrics, op. cit.* as from "Ned of the Fell—A Lancashire Romance."

Page 126 *Part of a ballad* privately printed in 1856.

Pages 127, 128 From *Recollections of Old Liverpool by a Nonagenarian*, 1863.

Pages 130, 131, 133 From *Poems and Lancashire Songs*, 1859.

Pages 135, 136 From *Rambles in the Lake Country and its Borders*, 1861.

Page 136 From *Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities*, 1855.

Page 140 As given from *The Chronicles of Waverlow*, 1863, in *Lancashire Lyrics, op. cit.*

Page 141 From *Ab-O'Th'-Yate's Dictionary*; &c., 1881.

Page 144 *This poem*, written in the time of the Cotton famine, is given from *Lancashire Lyrics, op. cit.*

Page 146 From *Cottonopolis* (*Manchester University Prize Verses*, 1922).

Page 147 From *Poems of Thirty Years*, 1925.

Page 148 From *Twelve Idylls and Other Poems*, 1928.

Page 149, 155 From *Songs of the Saddleworth Dales*, 1903, *Tales and Songs of a Moorland Parish*, 1912, *Old Saddleworth Days*, 1920; &c.

GLOSSARY

Areawt=out of doors, abroad.
Aw'st=I shall.

Babs=pictures, in baby language.
Backend=the latter part of any time, autumn, &c.
Beawn=bound.
Beawt=without.
Beigh=buy.
Belive=quickly.
Billy=a kind of hand-mule or spinning jenny about 80 spindles long.
Bo=but.
Bowneth=prepares, sets.
Brant=steep.
Brat=apron.
Brawsen,=burst, over-full.
Bunt=deliver the piece, when woven, at the mill.
Bur=but.
Burne=man.

Cales=Cadiz.
Cant=hale, brisk.
Cap't=surprised.
Captive snare=small gauze cage, holding a she-butterfly as a decoy.
Carder=one who cards, i.e. combs and opens the wool, removing impurities.
Carped=spoke.
Cauls=sheepfolds.
Champion=open, level.
Cinder-tay='tea' consisting of sweet water, into which hot cinders have been dropped—given to a child who has colic.
Clem=starve, go hungry.
Coan=call, visit.
Coed, Co'd=called, named.
Cop=summit.
Coup'd=lopped.

Deg'd=soaked.
Deyred=harmed.
Donned=dressed.
Dree=dreary; continuous.
Drooty=drouthy, thirsty.
Dying hole=dying room.

Eem=to spare time.
Epe=bold, active.

Farreps=used in impatient exclamation, like *deuce* or *dickens*.
Fere=mate.
Feteled=made ready.
Fire-potters=pokers.
Foo=fool.
Forrud=forward, and in sense advanced in liquor.
Forsloe=delay, hinder.
Fowd=fold; yard.
Freakes=warriors.
Freet=fright.
Frimbles=fumbles.
Fuerse=fierce.

Gam=game.
Gate=way.
Goyt=channel.
Gradely=right, rightly.
Greek=knave, cheat.

Hess-midden=ashpit.
Hete=promise.
Heydeguyes=dances.
Ho'=hall.
Hoo=she.
Hutch'd=lay close.
Hutchin-fain=restlessly eager.

I'st=I shall.

Jannock=oatmeal bread or cake.

Keawr=cower, sit, lie down.

Kinlin'=seeking firewood.
Kist=chest.
Knottin'-boart=a sloping board on which the knotter or overlooker examines the woven piece of cloth.

Lated=stayed late.
Lathein=inviting.
Layke=game.
Leddes=men.
Leg, Make a=bow.
Lile=little.
Lilt=trip along.
Linderins="ropes put round a weaver's beam when the woof is nearly finished." Wright, *Dial. Dict.*
Liver=active.
Lone=lane.

Maffle=folly, in word or deed, muddle.
Maiden=clothes-horse, folding wooden frame.
Marlock=trick, frolic (verb and noun); to be restive (of a horse).
Meales=Meols, near Southport.
Meetely=fittingly.
Meney=retinue, followers.

Nayger=work hard.
Nesht=next.
Nobbut=only.

O; O'=all.
Olez=always.
One-ly=lonely.
Oon=oven.
Ot=That.
Owm'ered=shaded.

Pearked=examined.
Pickers="The instrument by means of which the shuttle is 'picked' or pushed across the loom." Wright, *Dial. Dict.*
Pleck=place.
Plug-drawing=In 1842, strikers emptied the boilers, and ran the water out of the mill-dams.
Pobbies=bread and milk.
Points=tagged laces for fastening the clothes.
Poke=small sack, bag.

Radlie=readily.
Reech o' bacco=smoke, pipefull.
Rinckes=warriors.
Road=anchorage.
Rook=lot.

Scrogs=shrubs, underwood.
Scurvy-ale=ale medicated with the plant scurvy-grass, as a remedy against scurvy.
Shillar=gravel, pebbles.
Shriefe=sheriff.
Sizing sticks=sticks pushed into walls outside and so called because warps wet with size were placed along them to dry.
Skips=square wicker baskets.
Slub=a slub is a roll of wool drawn out and slightly twisted by machine previous to spinning.
Smo=smooth.
Snod=even, level.
Sope=sup.
Souse=a sous.
Sowsd=steeped.
Spers=asks.
Squar'd=quarried.
Stepe=branch.
Stroddle=stroll.
Stuff-hat=hat made of cloth.

Tainters=long frames of wood for drying cloth in the open air.
Teaster=tester, coin then worth sixpence.

Tho=then.
Threadywheel = thread the wheel.
Throddy=plump, in good condition.
Throng=crowded, numerous.
Thrutch=thrust.
Token=coin struck by tradesmen to pass for a farthing, but 'double-ring' probably marks a higher value.
Toot=belvedere; look-out, contrived to command a fine view.

Umber=grayling.
Underfong=ensnare, deceive.
Urchin=hedgehog.
Ut=that.

Waintly=quaintly.
Ware=weir, dam.
Ward=world.
Weales=wheels.
Weam=easy.
Weambe=womb, belly.
Wee=man.
We'n, we'dn=We have; we had.
We'st=we shall.
Wellers=? a technical term, not recorded; or, perhaps, footless stockings.
Wexe, woxe=to grow; grew *or* grown.
Whittle=intoxicate.
Who=hoo, she.
Whol=until.
Whyatly=quietly.
Wick=alive.
Wicks=*either* thorns, *or* coarse field grass.
Willow=a machine to break and mix the wool.
Willow hole=willow room.
Winn, win=will (willen)
Witche=wych-or witch-elm.
Wo, Woles=wall, walls.
Wood=mad.
Worold=Wirral.
Wynde=go round.

Yate=gate.
Y°=the; and so pronounced.
Yead=head.
Yealdhook=healdhook "a hook used by weavers when drawing in their warps." Wright, *op. cit.*
Yett=gate.
Yodd'n=you had.
Yorne=keen, eager.
Yorney=duffer, fool.

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